Loyola College Review



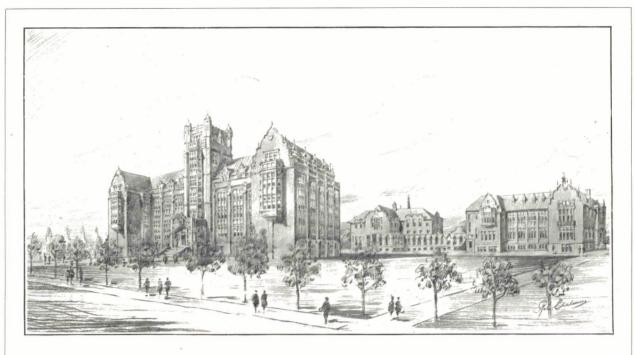
Montreal 1928

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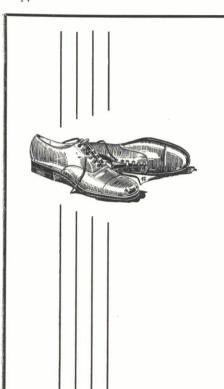


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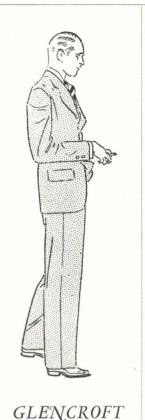
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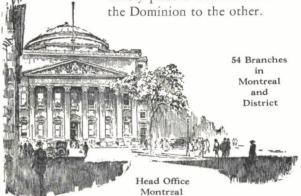
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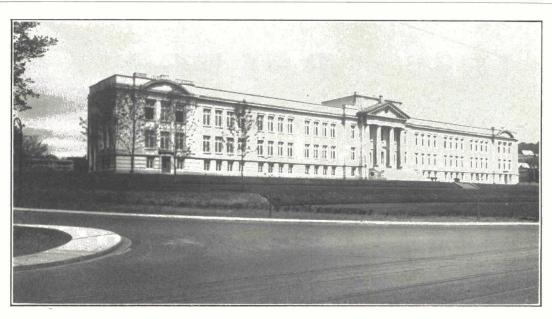
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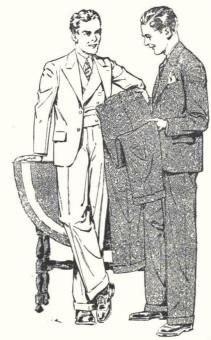
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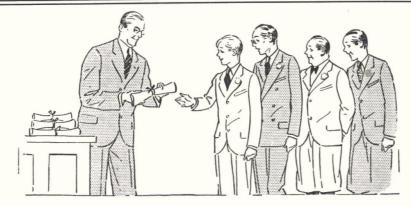
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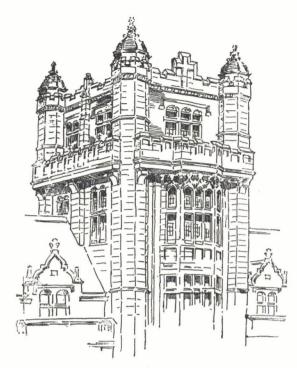
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1928

Montreal, Canada

No. 14

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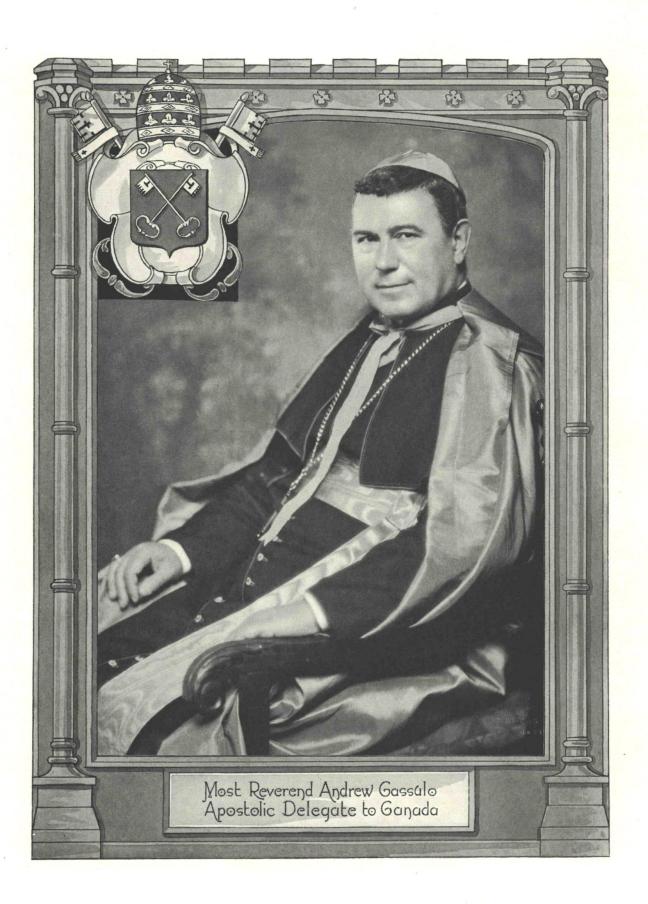
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1928

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 14

EDITORIAL

As we go to press, the news comes to us of the nomination of Rev. Wm. H. Hingston, S.J., as Superior of the English-speaking Jesuits of Canada, and the Editors of the Review take this opportunity of extending to him their congratulations on the occasion of his appointment to such a position of trust and honour. To many of us Father Hingston is an old friend; it was Loyola's good fortune to have him as Rector during the years 1918-1925, and the advancement of the College made during his administration is ample tribute to the qualities that have singled him out for the highest office at the disposal of his order.

A member of a well-known Montreal family, Father Hingston has had a distinguished career since becoming a Jesuit, and during the war saw service as chaplain of the Irish Rangers of Montreal. Recently he assumed the editorship of the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and leaves that assignment for his new sphere of action as a Jesuit Provincial. We wish him outstanding success, and once again offer him our sincerest congratulations.

On Sunday, January 29th, at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, Ont., was celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J., on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. The venerable jubilarian, now eighty years old, was educated at St. Mary's College, Montreal, from which he graduated in 1866. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1868. He taught at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and at St. Francis-Xavier College, New York. His philosophical course was made at Woodstock College, Md., and his theological studies at St. Beuno's, Wales, where he was ordained to the priesthood.

Father Drummond's greatest work was accomplished in Western Canada, where he was stationed almost uninterruptedly for twenty-five years, from 1885 to 1910, except from 1890 to 1892, when he was rector of St. Mary's College. He was Prefect of Studies, and taught classics and philosophy for years at St. Boniface College, Man. For about fifteen years he was in charge of the "Northwest Review"; he was also the St. Boniface College representative on the Board of the University of Manitoba. During this time he was widely known as a preacher, lecturer and controversialist.

In 1909 he founded the parish of St. Ignatius, Winnipeg. In 1910 he was Associate-Editor of "America," one of the foremost Catholic periodicals of the day. Later he was Associate-Editor of "The Canadian Messenger." Before going to the Novitiate at Guelph, Father Drummond was Spiritual Father at Loyola for many years.

The Loyola Review takes this opportunity of congratulating Father Drummond on his splendid record, and of wishing him many more years of health and labour in

the Society of Jesus.

Character and culture are words of astounding significance. Around them are built the structure of everyone's individual life and upon them rests each individual's tower that is built for eternity. Etymologically, character means an Character and engraving; it is the chiselled form of the individual soul; culture, on Culture. the other hand, consists in those embellishments which beautify the stolid granite of human character. When we say that such a one is a man of character, we mean that he is steadfastly motivated by certain high and distinctive principles of conduct which make him reject what is vile, and degrading, and ignoble, for what is good and true, and representative of real manhood. When we say that such a one is a man of culture, we mean that he is the possessor of manifest education and refinement and all that accompany them. To be cultured, according to Matthew Arnold's definition of the term, is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world. But the true interpretation of culture embraces a broader order than merely the knowledge accumulated by book-learning and academic absorption. The word culture implies also the refinement and delicacy of speech and action which should supplement such knowledge. It is this refinement and delicacy which is the practical application of the knowledge of the world's best, and these are the things which in the real sense go to make up the cultured man.

Character and culture imply all that education stands for,—they are the raison d'être of all our colleges and universities; and if our educational institutions fail to bring about the development of character and culture, then they have failed in the essential requisites for which they exist and their work shall have been writ on water. On education, then, depends both character and culture. It affects character in that it is the formation of the solid principles of human conduct—it is the moulding of the plastic clay of the human soul. Education is the determinant of culture also, because culture is the result of education—it is the finished product from the

potter's hands with all its finesse and finish.

Character and culture are the prerequisites of the superior man, they are the elements that coalesce to make the superman—if such exists. The difference between a man of character and culture and one without these adjuncts is more than a difference of degree or of category. It is a difference of spheres. Their contrast is akin to the rude elementary implements of surgery used in the Middle Ages, and the delicately-wrought and studied instruments that all the ingenuity of modern science has devised. The elements of character and culture go to make a veritable chasm between the two extremes of "the noblest work of divine creation." On the one side we have the uncouth, illiterate, uncultured savage type, whose guide of conduct, like the beasts, is his animal instinct, and the superior man of the other extreme perfected by character and culture to the highest degree of human possibility.

Aristotle once said that the main object of education should be to prepare man for the right use of leisure. In point of fact, the word school is a derivative of the Greek word meaning leisure, "for school was originally looked upon as a place of leisure and of preparation of further leisure." It is estimated that man spends about

one third of his life in what is implied by the word leisure. The right use of leisure is the burning problem of every age; on the use of it depends everyone's temporal and eternal success or failure. It is the burning problem which every individual must settle for himself, and a man's character and culture are the determining factors as to how he will employ it. But the influence of character and culture is not merely confined to leisure. Their influence embraces the whole substratum of human society; in fact we may go so far as to say that the degree of civilization of any people is directly proportional to the degree of character and culture found among them. What were the reasons for the superiority of the ancient Greek civilization if not character and culture? Excluding morals (the only sphere in which the Greeks did not conquer), they attained a perfection of civilization which many believe has never since been equalled by man. So high a place do character and culture deserve that no greater tribute could be paid to any individual than the eulogy, so rarely heard: "Such a man is a man of character"; and when the encomium of culture is added to that of character, then we may assume that the ne plus ultra of individual achievement has been attained.

But why should we speak in such general terms about character and culture? Why should we mention them at all through the medium of a college annual? We generalize because particularizing on them would entail volumes to do them justice; we mention them because of their utmost importance to us, because they are attainments to which every thinking individual should aspire, because they are the things for which education primarily exists. A college training is successful, not merely when it turns out professional men, or men ready to grapple with great business enterprises (for the world is already too thoroughly saturated with mammonism), but a college education is successful when it turns out what the world needs most in this materialistic civilization—men of character and men of culture.

1 1 1

This year the Class of '28 established a precedent which will, in all probability, live long after them at Loyola. It consisted in inaugurating a general closed retreat for the graduating class immediately before the final examinations. The retreat, called the Graduation Retreat, was held under the auspices of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and was preached by the Senior Class who, as a body, are to be commended on their generous response and on their superlative efforts to make the retreat the highly successful undertaking it eventually turned out to be. But besides giving birth to a custom which should be followed by all succeeding graduating classes, the spirit and the zeal shown by the retreatants was an excellent source of example to the younger undergraduates who were undoubtedly inspired thereby.

The appropriateness of such a retreat, antecedent to the change of life which graduation always implies, hardly demands mention. The custom is an annual one in many Catholic colleges and universities throughout the world, and has invariably been prolific of good results. Such retreats, figuratively, give the student the opportunity of taking an inventory of his conduct and of replenishing his depleted stock; they enable him to check up on the accumulated weak points of his character, and help him to repair and perfect the mechanism of his daily life. With such motives in view in inaugurating the retreat, the Senior Class can feel that they have performed a task that will reflect credit on themselves, a task of which not only they themselves will be the recipients of the resulting plenitude of good fruit, but also one which will have its effect on those who tread in their footsteps towards gradua-

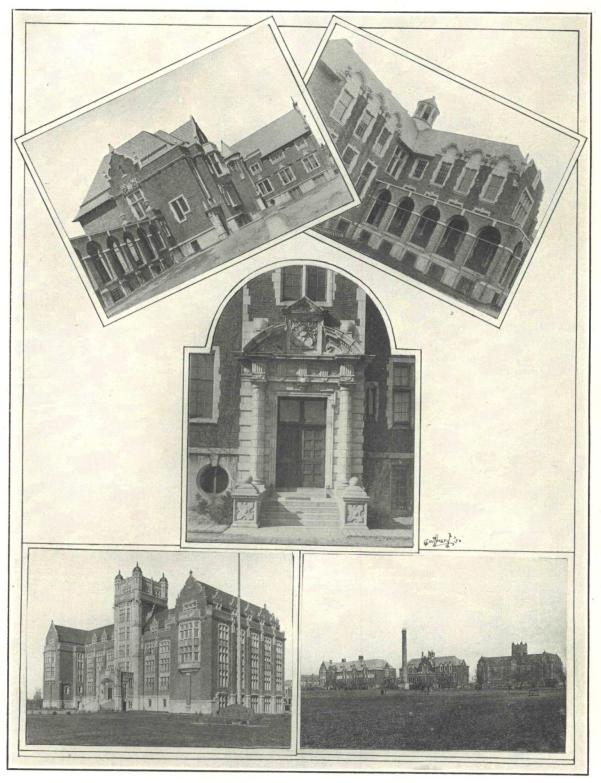
tion.

No year passes but takes its toll; all men must die; all flesh is grass. But the proximity and inevitableness of death never seems to impress us until we ourselves mourn the loss of those whose lives were linked with ours. This year, and when we come to think of it, every year in the history of a large institution, is one of mourning; such is the pathetic human story. The College has felt sincere sorrow, not that her sons, having fought the good fight, have gone to their reward, but that so many of us who remain have sustained such touching and irreparable losses. But every year too, as the Christian knows, is peopling Heaven and, as Christian Hope would whisper, it is only a matter of a few such years till we, who have survived a few hours longer, rejoin our loved ones in never-ending reunion.

We Who Have Loved

We who have loved must put away The Songs, the Dreams of yesterday, And go with cheer adown the hill Pretending we are lovers still. We must not search each other's face Too keenly, lest by chance we trace Death's shadow in our questing eyes, And we must needs beat back the cries That plead for freedom on our lips; But make speech through our finger-tips; For when our hearts are aching so, A tightened clasp will too well show The Pain, the Misery of each Without the Agony of speech. We must not let our Pain find words, But silent be as nestling birds . . . With lavish hands we fed Love's fire And piled high faggots of Desire. We joyed so much in our Fame's might As it leaped up against the night. We never dreamed it once could be Grey ashes of Maturity. We never dreamed it was Love's pyre, That Consummation slays Desire, Until we stood with hearts grown cold, And sudden found each other old.

JOHN R. CUMMINS, '28.



VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE

TOP LEFT—JUNIOR BUILDING

TOP RIGHT—REFECTORY BUILDING

CENTRE—ENTRANCE TO JUNIOR BUILDING

BOTTOM LEFT—ADMINISTRATION BUILDING BOTTOM RIGHT—VIEW OF BUILDINGS FROM CAMPUS

Alfred Noyes: An Appreciation



E have no hesitation in ranking Alfred Noyes among the first, if not the first, of living poets; for in this we are guided not alone by our own limited judgement, but by the advice of the sound-

est critics on both sides of the Atlantic. On account of his high status in the literary world, we who aspire to the credit of culture should seek to know more about Noyes, hoping to be able thereby to appreciate him the better. To Canadians in particular he should be of special interest at the present time, because only a few months ago he made an extensive tour of Canada and lectured on poetry in all the important cities; he made the tour with the motive of writing about Canada when he returned to England. But there is a third reason why Alfred Noyes should be of interest to us, and this perhaps more than anything else ought to make him dear to us. A few weeks previous to his departure from England for Canada, he was converted to the Catholic Faith. He is only one of a number of prominent writers who have embraced Catholicity in the last few years, and he is a treasured acquisition which the Church will find good reason to cherish. Francis Thompson, in his essay on Shelley, sorrowfully said: "The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own." He had hopes, however, that the great god Pan would one day return to his true home. Men like Alfred Noyes are the ones who will bring the wanderer home. Again, Francis Thompson expressed the true Catholic feeling, which should not be wanting today, when he said: "We ask, therefore, for a larger interest, not in purely Catholic poetry, but in poetry generally, poetry in its widest sense."

The fact that Noyes, previous to his conversion, had written Catholic poetry is testified by the inclusion of some of his work in Thomas Walsh's recent "Catholic Anthology," in the section given to Catholic poetry written by non-Catholic poets. Apparently when the book had gone to print, Mr. Walsh had not yet learned of Noyes' conversion.

Noyes is a distinctly modern poet, but not modern in the "ultra-modern" sense with which we speak of the work of E. E. Cummings et al, but rather, modern in the sense that he keeps abreast of the age in which he lives, and finds genuine poetry in the realities characteristic of the twentieth century.

There are still those who hold that all the great poetry has been written, and that nothing produced by our modern literary artists bears the stamp of immortality. One critic has even gone so far as to remark that "poetry has practically expired since the modern world no longer inspires the emotions which are proper to poetry." Among a certain class this has been the cry of every age; but litterateurs have long ago dispelled such a doubt with regard to contemporary literature, and have unquestionably demonstrated the falsity of such a view. The present writer believes that no greater proof of the falsity of such a doctrine could be advanced than a study of the poetry of Alfred Noves.

Mr. Noyes has a broad perspective of life, coupled with an amazingly versatile mind, which is readily discernible from a glance through his many volumes of poems. Besides this, he is a technician who has few contemporary rivals. It has been said of him that "no living poet has made a more general appeal, or written with a wider range of subject and style." Dr. Henry Seidal Canby has said that Noyes "is the most effective among the literary champions in English, of beauty, nobility, and romance."

We have said that he is modern. But he is more than merely modern, for he has treated of the themes that are eternal—the ones that are forever old and yet forever new. Nor is he a poet who could be accused of overmuch nationalism, although he has made his native land the subject of many of his most glowing tributes. His is that broader patriotism which embraces the human family in its entirety, and he expresses what Newman says is "common to the whole race of man," but which only genuine artists are able to

express.

There are few great poets who have lived to see their work adequately appreciated. For this reason, poets have rarely been among those who, "pillowed in silk and scented down," drank from a golden goblet the bittersweet of life; rather, the luxury and ease of the majority of poets who have lived on the returns from their poetry, have been only of the imagination. They lived in an illusory kingdom from which they were to be occasionally tugged away by the stern realities of a prosaic world. But art should not always have to be time-tested. There are as many literary artists today of genuine merit as there have been—I am not committing myself—in other similar periods, and the post-war renascence of poetry has brought a goodly number of these to the surface. Among a cultured people, there should be no reason why such phenomena as professional poets do not exist. The tendency of the times is towards biography and, of course, fiction, and artists who would rank as poets of the first class unwillingly relinquish their forte (for indeed life is very real) and turn out to be second class biographers or third class novelists. Not so with Alfred Noyes. He has remained within the dimensions of his own sphere, and his work is his nomination for a place among its specialists. Noyes is an exception in another sense also, because he is among the few living poets whose work is saleable.

Poetry has always seemed to defy definition, for even among the masters of the art we find nothing but a bewildering diversity of opinion. Noves believes that for the definition of poetry we should be guided by the pronouncements of the greatest artisans in the craft. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Tennyson, Browning, he says, agreed upon one essential of poetry—its music —its rhythm. In believing this, Noves suits the action to the word, for the most notable characteristic of his poetry is the song element contained therein. In acquiring this trait, it is probable that Swinburne was the chief influence on Watts-Dunton, the English Noyes. novelist and poet, whose contribution on poetry in the Encyclopædia Britannica is regarded as one of the most authoritative in the language and who believed that the singing quality was the essence of poetry, wrote, after the death of Swinburne, that Alfred Noves was "right away the first of our living poets now that Swinburne is dead." burne himself, who very rarely praised any of the younger poets, described Noyes as "a gifted painter, skilled in his craft."

But besides Noyes' singing quality, his flowing rhythm, there is another predominant characteristic which qualifies all his work. It is the sheer beauty, the measured richness and luxuriance of his language; and the severest criticism that he has had is, extraordinarily, that his poetry is too rich and too beautiful. An English critic recently wrote that he suffers from an "embarras de richesse." But it is difficult to see how literature could possibly suffer on this account, for in these days the trouble lies not in having too much beauty, but too little. Rather, the ugly realistic strain which modern writing seems to engender is to be more greatly feared than the symphonic fairyland and luxuriant foliage which comprise Noyes' garden of verse.

Noyes' war poems are among the most powerful outbursts of patriotism which the war has produced. Siegfried Sassoon, his poems are a protest against war and a call to peace. He pictures war in the grim colours that war demands, and frequently wields to good advantage in this regard, a keen rapier of satire. The following extract is from his spirited and graphic poem "The Avenue of the Allies,"—a poem which many regard as a fine flourish of patriotic enthusiasm and international good-will and a glorious tribute to the American people. To this poem ex-President Taft wrote a glowing introduction in which he proclaimed the author to be one of the great poets of this generation and gave him unbounded praise for his contributions to war and peace. The poem is like a spontaneous outpouring of virile and magnificent martial music sounding the sacred anthem of Liberty:

This is the sound of the wind as it came
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:

I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

So it descended, at night, on the city.
So it went lavishing beauty and pity,
Lighting the lordliest street of the world
With half of the banners that earth has unfurled,
Over the lamps that are brighter than stars,
Laughing aloud on its way to the wars,
Proud as America sweeping along
Death and destruction like notes in a song,
Leaping to battle as man to his mate,

Joyous as God when He moved to create,—
Never was voice of a nation so glorious,
Glad of its cause and afire with its fate!
Never did eagle on mightier pinion
Tower to the height of a brighter dominion,
Kindling the hope of the prophets of flame,
Calling aloud on the deep as it came,

Cleave me a way for an army with banners. I am His Liberty. That is my name.

Mr. Noyes' many volumes of poems afford such a mass of genuine music that it is difficult to extract isolated passages to illustrate his mastery of rhythm. Note the richness of the words and the combination of beauty and song, along with the clever usage of euphony, in the following excerpt from the "Bride-ale":

The cows are crunching flowers and dew, Their long blue shadows are dwining. Their hooves are gold with butter-cup dust (There's gold, wet gold on your ankles, too) And their coats like silk are shining.

Dew—dew—and a dance in the spray of it. Dew—Dew—and a light in the grey of it, Dew—dew—and a bride in the way of it, Waking at dawn to be married.

Note the music, the song quality, the flowing rhythm, and the absolute simplicity in the following stanzas taken from the lyric 'Old Grey Squirrel.' On reading it one cannot help but fall a victim to the swing of its metre; but when one hears it from Mr. Noyes' own lips (as was the good fortune of the present writer), with his own words stressed and cadenced to his own liking, the poem is made doubly fascinating.

A great while ago there was a school-boy.

He lived in a cottage by the sea.

And the very first thing he could remember

Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay.

He could watch them, when he woke, from his window,

With the tall cranes hoisting up the freight. And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook, And sailing to the Golden Gate.

And, before he went to sleep in the evening,
The very last thing that he could see
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.

He is perched upon a high stool in London.

The Golden Gate is very far away.

They caught him and they caged him like a squirrel,

He is totting up accounts and going grey.

He will never, never, never sail to 'Frisco.

But the very last thing that he will see
Will be sailor-men a-dancing in the sunrise

By the capstan that stands upon the quay. . .

To the tune of an old concertina, By the capstan that stands upon the quay.

An appreciation of Alfred Noves would not be complete without mentioning his long narrative poems and his lyrical ballads which have "done much to win for him what is in these times an astonishing popularity." Of one of these ("Drake") Rudyard Kipling wrote, "I am not craftsman enough to understand all the mechanism of blank verse, but the tale itself held me yesterday from one end to the other." Among the most popular of his ballads are "Forty Singing Seamen," "Companion of a Mile," "The Barrel-Organ," "The Silk O' the Kine." The music, the technique, and especially the refrains interwoven into the stories (in the use of which Mr. Noyes is a master), make these lyrical tales unforgettable. One can almost hear the barrel-organ playing in the poem of that name; the metre is changed to correspond with the changing music of the organ. It begins:

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street

In the city as the sun sinks low;

And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet

And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City
and the pain

That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;

And they've given it a glory and a part to play again

In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

The sonnet, "The Double Fortress," illustrates the deep feeling and artistic reserve of which Noyes is capable:

Time, wouldst thou hurt us? Never shall we grow old.

Break as thou wilt these bodies of blind clay, Thou canst not touch us here, in our stronghold, Where two, made one, laugh all thy powers away.

Though ramparts crumble and rusty gates grow thin.

And our brave fortress dwine to a hollow shell,

Thou shalt hear heavenly laughter, far within; Where, young as Love, two hidden lovers dwell.

We shall go clambering up our twisted stairs

To watch the moon through rifts in our grey
towers.

Thou shalt hear whispers, kisses and sweet prayers

Creeping through all our creviced walls like flowers.

Wouldst wreck us, Time? When thy dull leaguer brings
The last wall down, look heavenward. We have wings.

In attempting this essay, I have not endeavoured to write a literary critique; but rather, merely a short expository appreciation, with the view to stimulate in others interest in one who has been eminently interesting to me. Nor can I be accused of overrating Noyes as a poet, for I have, subtly, spoken with the whispers at my back "of those who are far greater men than I." Noyes deserves appreciation, for he is a literary artist, than whom contemporary poetry shows none better.

I will conclude by quoting an encomium from Williams' scholarly volume 'Modern English Writers,' which, speaking of Noyes' book 'Flower of Old Japan,' says: 'His naive melodies are here perfectly in place, in a bazaarlike world of dainty things—ivories, fans, gorgeously plumaged birds, bright sailed ships, glancing seas and gleaming clouds. Even Mr. W. W. Gibson . . . does not write so brightly as this, for Mr. Noyes outvies the extravagant painting of Browning in 'Sordello.''

LEWIS J. PHELAN, '28.

Pilate Pleads

I did my best for Him; not I
But those accursed fools would have Him die.
And how was I to know that they
Would free the thief so they might slay
This Christ? Whom I could not defend
If still I wished to stay great Cæsar's friend.
I did my best. He understood
That I was guiltless of His Blood.
But then those words? what was His plan?
When He said: "Pilate, play the man."

Was I not just? By heaven, I swear
I played the man, and I was fair.
Hear me! before that mocking crowd
Was Pontius Pilate trembling, cowed?
And in my tray did I not lave
My hands? Was not that bold act brave?
Before them all to let them see
His Blood was spilt in spite of me?
That was a deed magnificent
To show I deemed Him innocent.
But when the man was led away—
T'was strange—There was Blood in my tray.

JOHN ROBINSON CUMMINS, '28.

The Seniors Through Junior Eyes



AUTOTTE, J. Esdras.

"And weigh'est thy words before thou giv'st them Breath." —SHAKESPEARE.

Esdras is one of the silent members of the class who have let their actions speak for them. He has played in a regular position on the Junior Football team and has made himself valuable to the Intermediates. His success on the class hockey and baseball teams have won him the esteem of his classmates. These activities have not interfered with his class work; in the physics laboratory he is an unrivalled master at manœuvering electrical machines. He has also found time to take the C.O.T.C. examinations and we may expect to see a Lieutenant Autotte among the foremost of the army against any odds and any enemy. It is more probable, however, that this quiet young man will do honour to Loyola in the world of commerce where fresh laurels are surely awaiting him.

Activities: Junior Football, '28; Intermediate Intercollegiate Rugby, '28; Class Hockey, '27-'28; Class Baseball, '27-'28; C.O.T.C.; Debating Society, '27-'28.

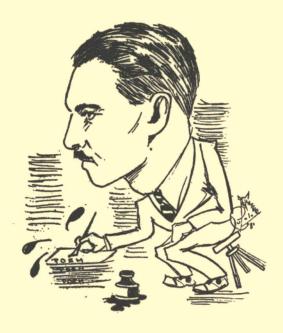


BUTLER, Reynolds.

"Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties."
—Tennyson.

Reynolds entered Loyola in 1918, left us and then rejoined the class of '28. During his short stay he has shown himself to be a persevering student and an enthusiastic supporter of all College activities. He was the first of his class to enter the lecture field and we feel sure that those who listened to his discourses derived any amount of practical information therefrom. In the more active sphere Reynolds takes part in tennis and hockey; moreover, what is rather unsuspected in so placid a gentleman, he has taken the examination preparatory to Certificate A in the C.O.T.C. We have heard that Reynolds intends to enter Law; we are assured that his conscientious perseverance, his training as a lecturer and his practical knowledge of economics will bring him to the very front ranks of his chosen profession.

Activities: Class Hockey, '28; Golf and Tennis, '28; C.O.T.C., '28; Kappa Pi Sigma, '28; Debating Club, '28.



CUMMINS, John.

"A fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy."
—Shakespeare.

From Champlain Academy in 1920, John journeyed all the way to Montreal and became one of us. He tossed around a baseball and a few jokes on his arrival, and from then on has speedily gained in the estimation of all. Putting aside John's cleverness in class, we will remember him more for his football and his poetry. Always a quick thinker both on the gridiron and the tennis court, John's speed evinces itself in other fields as well, especially by his ready and witty repartee, which is the delight of the Flat. He possesses a keen sense of humour; it is said, betimes, that he even finds humour in a physics' oral(?). It may be well to add that he has his serious moments and these are mostly taken up in invoking the Muse of Poetry; this he does with great success, for his poems are always in great demand. His fine imagination is the raison d'être of many hilarious meetings in the Seniors' camp, for he can relate your personal experiences better than you can yourself—truly a man of fiftyseven varieties!

Activities: K.II.Z., '25-'28; Intermediate Football, '26-'28; Class Tennis, '25-'28; Class Baseball, '25-'28; Scientific Society, '27-'28; Dramatics, '28; Class Hockey, '25-'28; Debating Society, '25-'28.



DAGENAIS, Clovis.

"Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirit."—T. Fuller.

Clovis is one of those little rays of sunshine which never fail to lighten the darkness or the gravity of the spot whereon they fall; he is a little candle valiantly throwing his beams into a naughty world of dark scientific mysteries, where to his dismay they so often prove unaccountably refractive. His ready answers to metaphysical difficulties and his vigorous attacks on Socialism are convincing proof of soundness of mind and nimbleness of wit. Although Clovis entered Loyola two years ago, we are still discovering new qualities and abilities in him, and this makes it all the more difficult to say good-bye. We are assured, however, that the future holds for such a fine personality nothing but the gifts of prosperity.

Activities: C.O.T.C., '27-'28; Kappa Pi Sigma, '27-'28; Debating and Scientific Society, '27-'28.



DOLAN, Wilfred.

"Placed on his chair of state he seems a god While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod." —Byron.

It was in the Fall of 1924 that "Bill" first graced the academic precincts of Loyola. Since that time he has met with success in innumerable fields of endeavour. Among a veritable legion of good traits and natural gifts there stands out one more personally characteristic of him than all the rest: it is that happy faculty of genuine witticism. Such a faculty, Voltaire has said, enables one to turn the most solemn situation into the most ridiculous,-or mayhap, the most ridiculous into the most sublime . . and maybe "Bill" does not utilize it! But this is only one phase of his versa-tile individuality. There are others, and they are numberless. His ability in public speaking was demonstrated by winning a debate against the Knights of Columbus; and his histrionic talent evinced itself in the important rôle he assumed in the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." In athletics also he held his own, and it will be hard to replace him in hockey.

Activities: Int. Hockey, '25-'28; Junior Football, '25-'26; Int. Football Manager, '27; Lacrosse, '25-'27; Dramatics, '26-'28; Class President, '27-'28; Debating Society President, '28; K.II. Vice-President, '28; L.C.A.A. President, '28; C.O.T.C. Officer, '28.



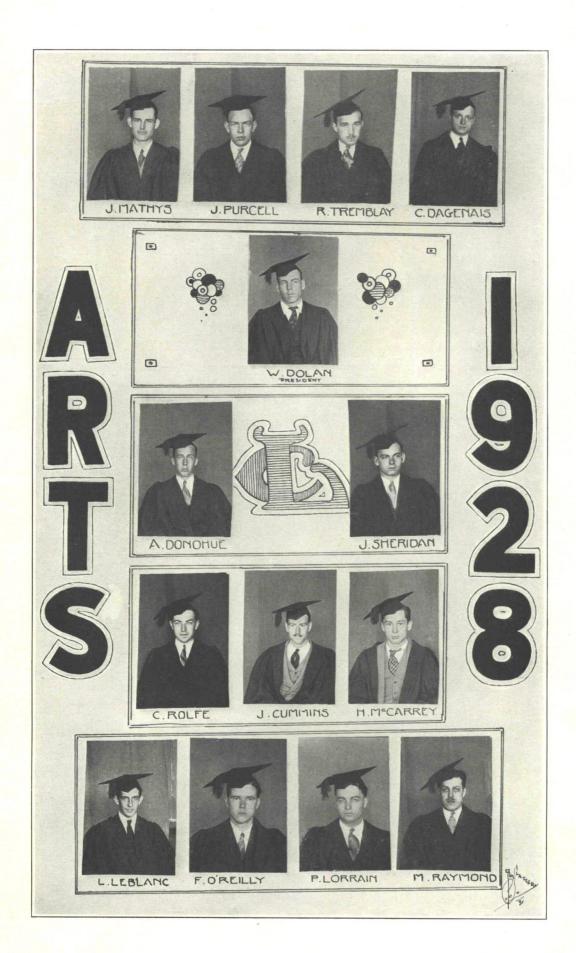
Donohue, Arthur.

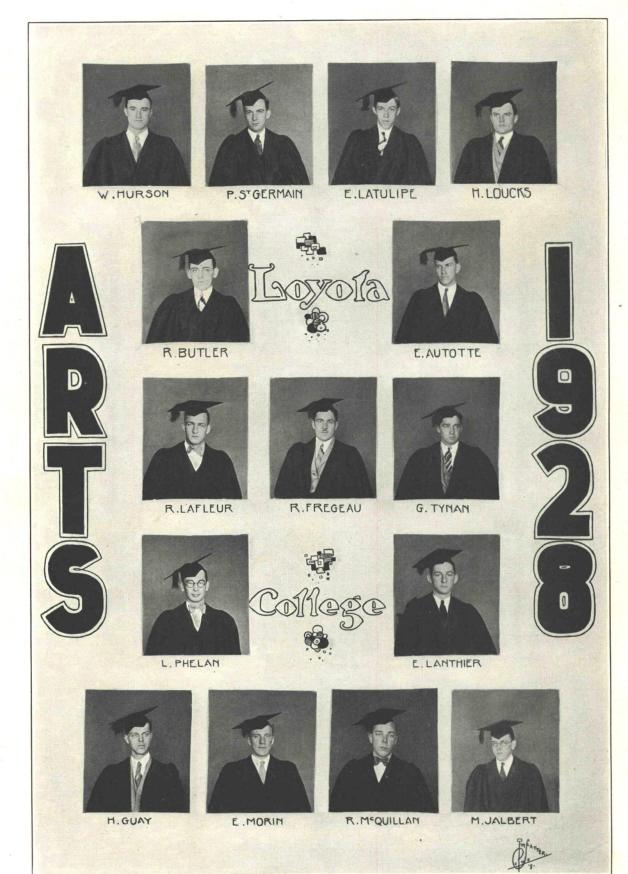
"He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side."

—BUTLER.

Art first graced the time-worn doorsteps of his Alma Mater in 1919. Since then he has more than held his own in both studies and athletics. As Vice-President of the Scientific Society, his words of wisdom demanded an admiration from his class-mates that could not be withheld. When he repaired to his laboratory no one dared disturb him for fear that the gods in their wrath would dole out vengeance mercilessly, for it was rumoured that Art was fathoming a theory that would divide the mighty atom. For amusement and exercise, Art engaged in the noble sports of Lacrosse and Hockey. As a Lacrosse player he excelled. He is also a hockey player of great ability, and the speed and accuracy of his shots from his usual position at right wing are surprising. For all his endeavours, they say he has adopted but one motto: "Justice is not dead, it is only sleeping, and it is my duty to wake it up.

Activities: K.II..2, '24-'26; Secretary, '27; Junior Hockey, '24; Junior Football, '26; Scientific Society, Vice-President, '27; Lacrosse, '25-'27; Chairman, '28; Class Baseball, '25-'28; Class Tennis, '25-'28; Class Hockey, '25-'28; Senior "At Home Committee," '28.





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Fregeau, Raymond.

"Music is harmony, harmony is perfection, perfection is dream, and our dream is heaven.'

During the last ten years music at Loyola has been wreathed around the name of Frégeau. Ray is an ardent lover of music-good music; and he champions its cause in forceful language whenever occasion demands. His knowledge of operettas, oratorios and cantatas would fill a tome, yes, as large as a physics book. He knows music from A to Z, and can relate, if encouraged, the operatic beauties of anything from the 'Aveugles' of Offenbach, to the Zauberflote of Mozart. He has other interests besides music. His singular skill in elocution he manifested on many an occasion and his speeches are remarkable in many ways. In athletics he has concentrated his energies on hockey and baseball; his phenomenal skating and clever stick-handling have won for him the captaincy of the first team and a clientele of innumerable fans.

Activities: K.II. S. Councillor, '27, President, '28; Historical Society Secretary, '26; Class Treasurer, '28, Vice-President, '26, President, '25; Debating Society Secretary, '28; Intermediate Hockey, '25-'28, Captain, '27-'28; Orchestra,

'25-'28; Sodality, Choir Director, '27-'28; Dramatics, '27; Baseball, '25-'28; Class Debates, '25-'26.



GUAY, Horace.

"Well then! I now do plainly see This busy world and I shall ne'er agree."

-Cowley.

Horace the effervescent, Horace the gay, invaded our midst from Montreal College, bringing with him the reputation of being a poetical genius, and straightway lived up to the report by scattering poems of inspiration to an unappreciative world. He startled the elocution class with an absolutely sui generis interpretation of Gray's Elegy. Studious to a high degree, he has mastered the Latin and Greek authors, and his volatile and voluble temperament prompt him to quote from them on the slightest provocation. We hear that Medicine will be the subject of his future labours, and on account of his deep love of Pasteur, we know that before long milk will not only be Pasteurized but put through the sureto-be-famous Guay Process!

Activities: C.O.T.C., '27-'28; K.II. E. Scientific Society.





HURSON, William Gerald.

"He could raise scruples dark and nice
And after solve 'em in a trice." —BUTLER.

"Bill" came to Loyola eight years ago and immediately his sterling personality and rare wit began to win for him a legion of friends. While he showed himself to be a strong supporter of all College activities, he was especially prominent as a member and untiring officer of the N.R.S. Sodality. Being a sincere student, his stay at Loyola has been marked by success in all his undertakings. His formula for overcoming all difficulties is "hit it with a smile." His performance at Loyola ensures for Bill many years of glory in his chosen field of commerce. When Bill commences to startle the unsuspecting world with his nice philosophical distinctions and dark difficulties, we feel sure that nothing will stand in the way of his stalwart stride.

Activities: Class Hockey, '25-'26; Class Baseball, '26; N.R.S.S., '25-'26-'28; Treasurer, '27; C.O.T.C.; Debating and Scientific Societies.



JALBERT, Marcel.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."
—Shakespeare.

"Marcel" entered Loyola from Montreal College and during his two years with the class of '28 has earned the respect of all those with whom he has come into contact. He is quiet and unostentatious; he masters his studies with a silent efficiency. Marcel more than surprised the class when he blossomed forth as an elocutionist of no mean ability, in spite of the handicap of speaking in a language not his own. These invaluable acquisitions are sure to place him among the leaders of whatever profession he chooses to Hence the Class predicts a successful future for this young man because he has already learned two great principles of life: simplicity and the value of words.

Activities: Scientific Society, '27-'28; K.II.Z., '28; Debating Society, '27-'28.



LAFLEUR, Robert.

"But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light."—Noyes.

"Bob," as he is familiarly known to all, came to us last year from St. Mary's College and since that time his quaint English and genial disposition have captured the hearts of all—even of the fair. Of a somewhat serious turn of mind, he has yet found time to indulge in hockey and tennis, particularly the former, in which he won his letter. While he informs us that it is his intention to enter the legal profession, yet the marked success that has attended his speculations in the stock market would lead one to believe that he is missing his vocation. Aside from the stock reports, which he receives regularly, Bob is also the daily recipient of letters of varied hues, and it is rumoured that his intentions are serious. We will always remember Bob as a true friend, one who has won our admiration and commanded our respect.

Activities: Intermediate Hockey, '27-'28; K.Π.Σ., '27-'28; Debating Society, '27-'28; Scientific Society, '27-'28; Glee Club, '27-'28.



LANTHIER, Edwin Philip.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Another of the Old Guard, who has grown up at Loyola. Pages would be insufficient to do justice to "Ned." Manly and generous to the core, he has in his own too modest way reflected great credit on his Alma Mater. His athletic prowess has won him the Tennis Singles Championship in '26 and '27. Graduating from Junior to intermediate circles in Football, he scintillated with deadly tackling and tricky play on the backfield. A glance below at his record shows a fair criterion of his executive ability, being officially connected with the prominent college organizations. His generalship and sound practical knowledge is evidenced by his qualifying as Lieutenant.

His chief intellectual pursuit is advanced Chemistry and his sterling qualities and capabilities that are now full-blooming assure him due success should he enter into the field of this branch of science. "Ned" leaves us with the knowledge that his achievements have been obtained by hard work. With pride, regret and good wishes, Loyola

bids him farewell.

Activities: N.R.S. Sodality, '25-'26-'27-'28; Executive, '26-'27; Scientific Society, '27-'28,

Executive, '27; Junior Football, '26; Junior Hockey, '26-'27; Intermediate Football, '27; Senior Tennis Singles Champion, '26-'27; Class Hockey, '25-'28; Debating Society, '25-'28; Reserve Officer C.O.T.C., '26-'27-'28.



LATULIPE, Emile.

"Whatever skeptic could inquire for, For every why he had a wherefore."

-BUTLER.

Emile incorporated himself into the class on the day of his arrival with the gratifying statement that he would cooperate with "the boys" to the full extent of his ability. Certainly we have heard a lot from him since . . . particularly during Philosophy lectures. Emile is numbered among those who swelled the class in 1926. And what an addition! Six feet or more of English and French scholarship, direct from Montreal College, where, he claims, he was simply crushed with intellectual labour. We suspect that since then he has suffered from a series of "crushes," but of another kind. He very positively denies the last statement, however, and insists that golf, and golf alone, is his weakness. His character is colorful; this, however, is not said to detract from his qualities as a student when under the inspiration. We are led to believe that Emile proposes to enter

upon a business career, and we feel confident that his conversational abilities and deep sense of humour will be of great service in his march along the highway of success.

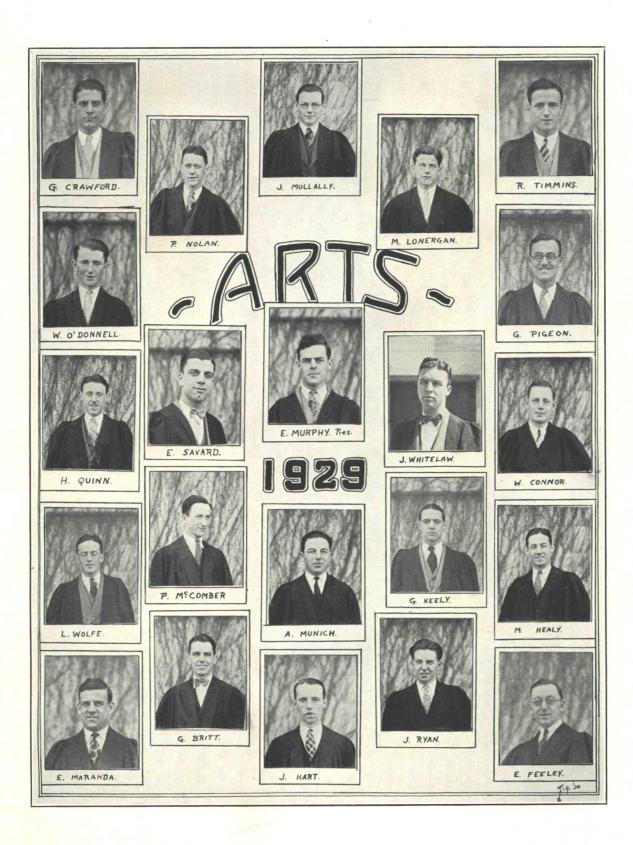
Activities: Golf, '27-'28; Tennis, '27-'28; C.O.-T.C., Κ.Π.Σ.

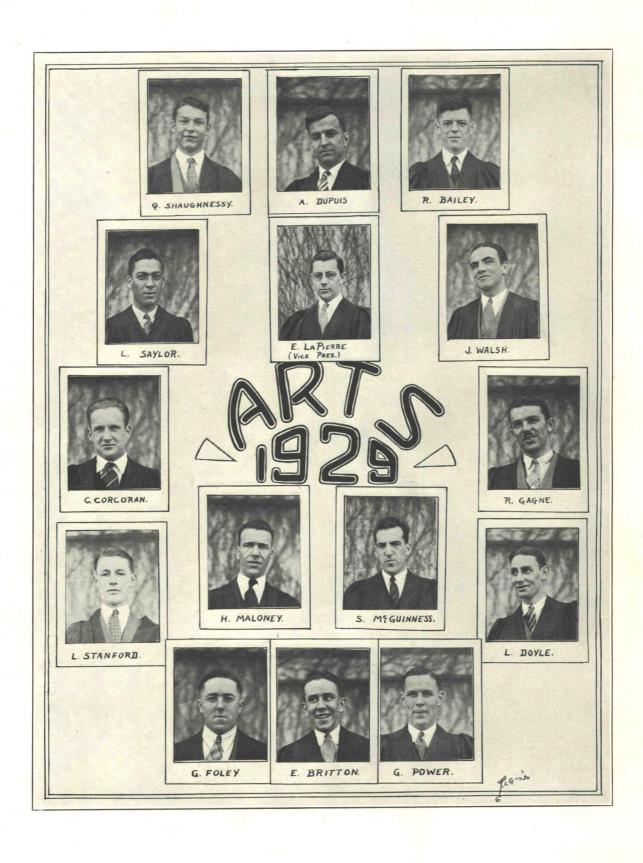


LEBLANC, Roger Leo.

"There are very few original thinkers in the world."
—Stewart.

Leo joined the Class in the Junior year, continuing his triumphal march along the via sacra of education from St. Mary's College. His daily jaunt to Chambly Basin seems to have given him many opportunities to reflect upon the beauties of transcendental quiddities and to prepare the weighty objections which have so frequently shaken our little philosophical world if not with grave alarms at least with hearty laughter. Leo has an original and inquiring mind and is a student of more than ordinary ability. He also has a deep sense of responsibility which has often manifested itself in his eagerness to do his share in all class activities. He is an ardent hockey and tennis en-





thusiast, and we have reliable information from the outside that he is making quite a splash in the aquatic world.

Activities: Class Hockey, '27-'28; Tennis, '27-'28; C.O.T.C., '27-'28; Debating Society, '27-'28.



LORRAIN, Paul Emile.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

—Shakespeare.

Paul joined up with the class in Junior and during his two years with us has taught us a lot that we never dreamed of before in the line of sartorial splendour. He is a young man of quiet and amiable disposition, always attentive in class, and a boon companion of Roch Tremblay's. His favourite pastimes are growing a delicate moustache and driving a green Ford. Because of his quiet reserve and perseverance, we predict for Paul a successful future.

Activities: C.O.T.C., '27-'28; K.II.S., '27-'28; Debating and Scientific Societies, '27-'28.

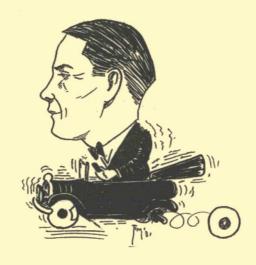


Loucks, William Herbert.

"A gentleman knows neither sorrow or fear."
—Confucious.

If, as we are told, activity is the proof of life, then we are sure the spirit that animates the earthly form of William Herbert Loucks is very much alive. There is scarcely one branch of endeavour in which this gentleman has not distinguished himself. In the line of sports, "Herbie" has not only represented the College in hockey and football but, as manager, has built up a successfull football team from raw material. As manager also he has guided the Intermediate Hockey Team to a Dominion Final standing. In intellectual pursuits he has been no less successful, for he has debated for his class, has taken leading parts in dramatic productions and has taken honours in his studies. But what in our opinion promises even more for his success in future life is the unfailing spirit of cheerfulness with which he goes about his many pursuits. The cheery smile that enhanced his executive ability will be greatly missed at Loyola, but we, who have known him during his eight years with the class of '28, feel that the reward of learning and sterling character will fall on no worthier shoulders.

Activities: Junior Hockey, '26; Junior Football, '27; Manager of Junior Football, '28; Manager of Intermediate Hockey, '28; Review Staff, '26-'27-'28; K.II. E., '25-'26-'27-'28; Interclass Debates, '25, Champion Team, '26; Class Rugby, '25-'26-'27-'28; Class Hockey, '25-'26-'27-'28; Non-resident Students' Sodality, '25-'26, Executive, '27-'28.



Maher, Joseph O'Connell.

"To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

—Bacon.

Joseph O'Connell entered Loyola by way of a vehicle, one of the most popular ever turned out by Henry Ford. However, it must not be imagined that the sound we instinctively associate with his name is the prosaic chug! chug! of the automobile, for it is on the contrary the soulful tones of the 'cello. With this instrument which he plays with rare skill and feeling, Joseph O'-Connell has contributed much artistic beauty to the College Orchestra's performances. Despite his name, Joseph is as French as Bossuet; this no doubt explains the methodic neatness of his notes and the smooth run of his car.

Activities: College Orchestra, '27-'28; Scientific Society, '27-'28; Literary and Debating Club, '27-'28.



Mathys, Jean.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

-POPE.

Jean is a serious-minded youth who has long since donned the "toga virilis" of manhood. His six-foot-three inches of stature is a direct refutation of that psychological theory which holds that the smaller the body the greater the mental acumen, and vice versa. On his first appearance two years ago, Jean made a distinct impression in the class of ethics; since that time his interest in the eccentricities of Leibnitz and Fichte has in no way decreased. Together with his philosophical acuteness, Jean has the ability to use his knowledge practically as was evidenced by his lectures to the class and by his success as a salesman. As we bid farewell to Jean, we can assure ourselves that he will prove a worthy son of Loyola.

We all wish him best of success in whatever career he may choose to follow.

Activities: Class Vice-President, '28; Non-resident Students' Sodality, '27-'28; Literary and Debating Society, '27-'28.



MORIN, Eustace.

"There is a kind of honour sets him off."
—Shakespeare.

Eustace first came to us last November from the quaint and historic city of old Quebec. In the short time he has been with us, he has won a place in the hearts of all who have learned to know him. Although he has been obliged, time and again, to defend the metaphysical essence of golden hair, his has been the subject of many exclamations of admiration from the fair sex on such occasions as when the College Orchestra (of which he is an esteemed member) performs in public. He has proved himself to be an able speaker and an experienced elocutionist. In the sphere of athletics, he has centered his powers in hockey, in which sport he is a defenceman of no small ability. It is presumed that he will take up the study of Medicine at Laval University next year; and our sincere good wishes are extended to him for success in this field.

Activities: Debating Society, '28; Scientific Society, '28; Lacrosse, '28; Intercoll. Hockey, '28.



McCARREY, Harold.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it."

-GAY

Versatility of talent will distinguish "Mac" from the hoi polloi wherever he goes and in whatever sphere he will confine his illustrious activities. It is a far cry from a romantic, dashing, Shakespearean actor to a twentieth-century high-pressure salesman and stock-broker. But "Mac" with his accustomed savoir-faire and débonnaire manner has experienced no difficulty in accomplishing this extensive scope. In his meteoric career of eight years at Loyola, we have found "Mac" a master of numerous rôles. He is a plunging warrior on the gridiron, and a cool guardian of the hockey nets. On his social side, we have "Mac" the gay Lothario of the drawing-room, the masculine Pavola of the waxed floor. In the academic sphere "Mac" has proved himself to be a natural scholar and seeker of wisdom. a delver into the realms of the Natural Sciences, and a veteran speaker of the oratorical world whose eloquence and wisdom would lend dignity and solidity to any judiciary.

complishments are so numerous that one is tempted to ask—"Is there no end to this man's cleverness?"

Activities: K.II. Z. Treasurer, '28; Intermediate Football, '26-'28; Intermediate Hockey, '27-'28; C.O.T.C. Sergeant, '26-'27; L.C.A.A. Councillor, '27-'28; Senior "At Home" Committee, '28; Dramatics, '27-'28; Baseball, '26-'28; Lacrosse, '26-'28.



McQuillan, Raymond.

"The portable quality of good humour seasons all the occurrences we meet with." —Steele.

Ray is one of the very few survivors of the contingent that started out eight years ago with June '28 in distant view. That he has lived through that period without serious difficulty gives a fair indication of his character. Although not an active athlete, the College football and hockey teams have no more enthusiastic supporter than Ray. Even in his assiduous application to his studies he has found time to pass the military examinations, and has been awarded a Certificate "A". Ray is also prominent in Sodality activities. It is in Philosophy, however, that Ray shines; not only has he a ready and ingenious answer for any objection, but he is of that rare type that can apply their knowledge to practical life, taking success and misfortune with equanimity and unclouded cheerfulness. It is with regret, but not with anxiety, that we say good-bye to Ray.

To us who know his quiet and steady perseverance, his unfailing optimism and his quiet but sincere love for Loyola, his success in the future is a matter of assurance.

Activities: Non-Resident Students' Sodality, '25-'26-'27-'28; K.II.Σ., '25-'26-'27-'28; C.O.T.C. Reserve Officer, '28.



O'REILLY, Frank.

"In action faithful and in honour clear."

To some Frank is perhaps the least known member of the Senior class for, although he has belonged to the 1928 aggregation for two years, he has frequently been absent on account of illness. However, those who have known him more intimately have learned to appreciate him. Possessing, as he does, a very host of intellectual qualities, Frank has a facility for languages that would rival an Addison; this, combined with a Ciceronian eloquence, has placed him among the foremost of the class orators. His sense of humour is keen and his wit of the sharpest, though both are cloaked under a countenance as grave as Nestor's; once you penetrate that mask you will find a nature that is Celtic to the core. We suspect Frank of inclining towards Law, and we feel sure that with his thorough knowledge of the two languages, his naturally logical mind and his oratorical abilities he will attain truly enviable heights.

Activities: C.O.T.C., '27-'28; Κ.Π.Σ., '27-'28; Debating Society, '27-'28; Scientific Society, '27-'28.



PAQUIN, George.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?"

George joined our class of '28 with his inseparable guide and counsellor, Joseph O'Connell Maher. George has devoted his musical talent to swelling the quantity and raising the quality (if that were possible) of the College Orchestra. We understand that his performances on the violin have been praised by many critics of the highest standing. George is laconic, but now and then he delivers himself of some choice witticisms which, because they are so rare, meet with all the more appreciation. In his researches in the chemical lab. last year George discovered an unfailing test for glass: drop it. George's characteristic is a peaceableness and reserve that keeps him on the even tenor of his way; yet not alone.

Activities: College Orchestra, '27-'28; Scientific Society, '27-'28; Literary and Debating Society, '27-'28.



PHELAN, Lewis.

"He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
—Shakespeare.

Lew is one of the illuminati who started their course in 1920 and who have made for the Class of '28 the enviable record which it now possesses. He is a man of fine executive ability, of true oratorical power, and one possessing a literary excellence which has won him fame both at College and abroad. His work on the Inter-University Debating Team this year, and the Debating Team which last year defeated Boston College has secured for him a firm position among Loyola's elect. His contributions to the Review, his various dramatic enterprises, his splendid work in the societies and organizations listed below, together with his wealth of sterling personal qualities, have made him, during his eight years at Loyola, esteemed and admired by all. It is a man of Lew's stamp that an organization needs for success, and we know that whatever field of endeavour will be the scene of his future activities, it will reflect great credit to himself and his Alma Mater. At his departure, Loyola is the loser of an accomplished and popular man; next year, McGill will be the gainer of one.

Activities: Review Editor, '27-'28; Sporting Editor, '24; News Staff, '25; Inter-University Debating Team, '28; Boston Debate, '27; Debating Councillor, '27-'28; Dramatic Society Vice-President, '27-'28; Dramatics '24-'27; L.C.A.A. Publicity Director, '26-'28; Class Sec'y, '26-'28; Sodality, Consultor, '25-'27; Junior Intercollegiate Hockey, '26-'27; Senior 'At Home' Committee, '28; Field Day Committee, '27; C.O.T.C. Sergeant, '28; Historical Society, '25-'26; K.Π.Σ., '24-'28; Scientific, '27-'28; Class Hockey, '25-'28.



Purcell, John David.

"A quiet dignity and a noble mien."

-Anonymous.

Unostentatious reliability is the keynote of John's character, a worthy tribute and one that has been well deserved by eight long years of unfailing application, loyalty and gentlemanliness. During that time John earned for himself an enviable place in the esteem of his class, and a position in the ranks of the students that will not readily be equalled. He is the very personification of sincerity and wholeheartedness; the type of man that lives up to the age quod agis of the sages. Although he is of a quiet and retiring

nature, John is an athlete of no mean ability; he has proved invaluable to his class teams in hockey, and in tennis his style and steadiness are known far beyond the College. John's outlook on the grave business of life is befittingly serious; hence we can entertain no misgivings as to his future; all we can and do deplore is the loss to the College, for John is one replete with genuine college spirit, and an embodiment of all that is sincere and honest.

Activities: Hockey, '25-'26-'27-'28; Class Baseball, '27; Non-Resident Students' Sodality, '25-'26-'27-'28; K.II. S., '25-'26-'27-28; Debating Society, '25-'26-'27-'28; Scientific Society, '25-'26-'27-'28.



RAYMOND, Maurice.

"He has been bred in the wars Since he could draw a sword."

-SHAKESPEARE.

When Maurice first entered our midst in Junior Year we felt sure that here was a man that was different; nor were we mistaken, for, to our surprise, he did not have to drill with the C.O.T.C.: he was already an officer! Immediately his moustache assumed a military curl to our eyes, and, when at the annual Mess dinner he wore his full dress uniform of gold and white and blue, then we knew we had a personage of rank amongst us. Maurice is solid and dependable, and frequently advises and counsels "the boys." Judging from his numerous trips down town to see "his broker," we judge that Maurice has already launched on a business career, and we feel certain that his military experience will avail him greatly in his forthcoming battle with the army of Stocks and Bonds.

Activities: Scientific Society, '27-'28; Debating Society; Class Football, '27-'28.



ROLFE, Clayton.

"Such is the youth whose scientific pate Class honours, medals, fellowships await."

-Byron.

The above quotation was never more true than when applied to Clayton. Of a distinctly scientific mind, he has attained the greatest heights in his special sphere. He came to us from Huntingdon four years ago, and has claimed our attention and admiration ever since. He has that sublime attribute of being an arduous worker, at the same time being gifted with a naturally brilliant mind. By his class-

mates, Clayton is held in the greatest esteem, and everyone knows him as he really is—a friend loyal and true. We are told that the majority of great scientists have been men of small stature but of boundless intellects . . . and far be it from Clayton to be an exception to any rule! Clayton gave birth to his dramatic talent last year when he accredited himself admirably in a female rôle; and he is seen to blush occasionally under the wealth of glory that he therein attained!

Activities: Sodality B.V.M., '25-'28; Master of Candidates, '28; Scientific Society Councillor, '28; Loyola News Treasurer, '28; Review Editor, '28; Prom. Apos. Prayer, '25-'28; Dramatics, '26-'28; Historical Society, '24-'28.



SHERIDAN, John.

"Nature formed but one such man, And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

John has been a pervading influence in all things pertaining to Loyola since he piloted his craft hither nine years ago. His is a character that is a moving force in all big enterprises—the proverbial man behind all scenes (particularly hand-cuff scenes!) His indefatigable diligence and intellectual integrity demand no eulogy from an inferior at this grande finale of a college course, for

indeed "not to know him argues yourselves unknown." His panorama is a broad and Catholic one. Having a natural proclivity to by-ways scientific, he conquered that field and was made President of its Society; being unusually talented in things oratorical, he conquered its field and was chosen for the inter-university debating team. But I dare not continue to narrate his conquests—they make one's own doings appear so microscopic in contrast. His histrionic powers, his literary propensity, and a thousand and one other accessory qualifications brand him as a mæstro of the first rank. We feel sure that success will continue to be his in the future.

Activities: Inter-University Debating, '27-'28; Debating Society, Vice-President, '28; Junior Rugby, '28; Scientific Society, President, '28; Sodality Executive, '26-'28; Dramatic Society, President, '28; Class Executive, '26-'27; Review Editor, '28; K.II.S., '26-'28; C.O.T.C., '26-'28; Class Rugby, '25; Class Baseball, '25.'26.



St. Germain, Prud'homme.

"Worth makes the man." —Pope

The "Saint" is easily one of the most popular of those who have cheered the class of '28 for the past two years; his dignified courtesy and scholastic ability won our respect and admiration from the beginning. The fact that he is

among the "Valiant Five" who brave the olfactory horrors of Advanced Chemistry is enough to set a mark of distinction upon him. If Dame Rumour may be trusted for once, the "Saint" is a thrilling success in the social world, whether dancing at a pink tea or enticing soulful melodies from his violin at a colourful supper. There is one black secret in Prud'homme's hitherto spotless life: a weakness for neckties; pink, lavender, green, yes, and we weep to say it, gold and silver! However, even this should not detract from his prowess on the golf links where he has made Loyola famous. Regret is the characteristic note of our adieux to this accomplished graduate.

Activities: Golf, '27-'28; Tennis, '27-'28; C.O.-T.C., '27-'28; Κ.Π.Σ.; Debating and Scientific Societies.



TREMBLAY, Roch.

"Come one, Come all; this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I." —Scott.

Roch the debonair almost casually joined our group from St. John's College and since then has proved himself a worthy inmate of this home of learning. His activities at Loyola have been along literary and scholastic lines and, as his name indicates, he is a solid student. His notes on Geology and Physics were consulted by all, and as these are

"grind" subjects, this tribute means more than appears on the surface. During his studies Roch has found time to cultivate a natty little moustache à la Adolphe Menjou; this is one of the contributing factors no doubt to his great extra-mural popularity. Seriously Roch is a man of few words and great potentialities, and we all look forward to a creditable career for him both at Laval and in his chosen field, Law.

Activities: C.O.T.C., '27-'28; Κ.Π.Σ., '27-'28; Debating and Scientific Societies, '27-'28.



Tynan, Gilbert.
"There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple."
—Shakespeare.

"Gibby" started his academic career at Loyola in 1917. He is a man of

inexhaustible talents, of numberless activities and of sparkling humour. He has attained great heights in every line of endeavour to which he has applied himself, and around his head in this, his final year, is twined the laurel wreath of a successful course. Gibby has been a participant in almost every form of athletics, and has won precedence in them all. He has the unique distinction of playing on the Senior Football team for five consecutive years, and he crowned his final year by captaining the squad to a degree of success hitherto unreached by any Loyola team—the Dominion Finals. On the ice or on the cinder track he has always been among the foremost. His place will be hard to fill when he leaves Loyola, and with profound regret at his departure, we extend to him our boundless wishes for success. We are assured, however, that whatever profession he chooses he will rise to eminence in it, for all his qualities conspire to make him a man in a thousand. But there is one thing we would like to know before he leavessince when did Lindy start to deliver foreign mail?

Activities: Sodality B.V.M. Secretary, '26, Prefect, '27-'28; St. John Berchman's Society, President, '28; Review, Sporting Editor, '28; Loyola News, Editor '27-'28; Intermediate Football, '24-'28; Captain, '27; Intercollegiate Hockey '—; L.C.A.A. Treasurer, '28; Senior "At Home" Committee, '28.

Caiffa

IT lies at the foot of Mount Carmel.
Silent and aged and dead;
Its beautiful past is forgotten,
Though it echoes the Saviour's tread.

Its houses have crumbled to ruins,
And its mosques are a mass of distress,
It lies at the foot of Mount Carmel,
And bakes in the sun's caress.

LEWIS J. PHELAN, '28.

Revolt

L ET me throw off this cosmic cloak till my spirit, disenthralled, shall ride high upon the purple winds of time, athrob with the mystic music of Eternity. . .

Let me shed off this burden of flesh which so retards my upward way unto the Stars. . .

Let me feel the burning starlight upon my naked soul. . .

My strength is set to break this vise that would deter me from my heritage, I, who am akin to immortality. . .

All things within this Theatre of Masks I spurn, nor shall I be deceived by them.

What if I make a clever play?

Who will applaud my éclat?

Who but the Masks?

Or what is posterity to me when I can look—look back with deathless eyes bathed in the revealing waters of Eternity? . . .

Shall I be led by the Song of the flesh, when I can go out under the night and look aloft and listen to the silent music of the spheres and the warm night full of soft murmurings of immortality?

If I can walk through the twilight and feel and know God walks with me?

If I can talk with Him of the day just past?

If He tells me that I've pleased Him all that day?

What care I then for the empty praise of the Masks? . . .

The Song of the flesh is fierce and sweet, like Autumn, but its song is a crimson lie.

And what is its Song worth when the worms begin their work?

Nay, none of it; but I will seek the Truth, and it alone, with Beauty as my creed.

I'll love the Rose. Each day as I arise I shall extend my finger tips into the Dawn and thank God for His gift to me.

I'll love the fierceness of the combat too.

And though the pending fates shall beat me down, ever shall I arise triumphant as of old.

And though I weary grow I shall be glad that 'tis the weariness of toil and not the lethargy of sloth.

If men and circumstance do kill my Dreams, God Who gave them to me shall not.

Thus will I keep my trust.

Thus shall I bravely go adown the hill until I meet Death breast to breast.

JOHN R. CUMMINS, '28.

The Juniors

BAILEY, Ralph.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

-SHAKESPEARE.

Ralph's road to success is somewhat paradoxical; he combines an unfailing steadiness with frequent flashes of brilliancy; such a combination of ability and perseverance is rare and predicts a distinguished career. If we were to say that Ralph is successful in biology, as indeed he is, we may leave the impression that he is only mediocre in other studies, as indeed he is not. Ralph is an officer in the C.O.T.C. and a very able one. He is also an orator and declaimer of honourable-mention standing, but gold-medal ambition.

Britt, Gerald.

"... he lives in fame!"
—Shakespeare.

Gerald has been justly called "a true man." His is a quiet, genial nature, the temperament that pleases and conciliates. He excels in philosophy, biology and chemistry. As First Assistant of the Non-Resident Students' Sodality he is ever faithful and zealous. The winter season sees him gracefully gliding, then speeding, then whizzing down the ski track on Mount Royal. He is the original devotee and dispenser of that delicious mixture, bought only to be burnt, "Walnut."

Britton, Edward Francis.

"By medicine life may be prolonged. . . "
—SHAKESDEAD!

"Weenie" is another of those Juniors to whom we may in truth apply the epithet "versatile." Fancy a gentleman who excels in pursuits as divergent as chemistry, basketball, biology and violin-playing; such is Mr. Britton and withal he is most unassuming. Seriously though, his performance of classic selections on his instrument is far above the average and his class is justly proud of his ability. Unlike the typical musician, he is blessed with a singularly placid and even temperament.

CONNOR, William Dennis.

"I do proclaim one honest man."
—Shakespeare.

There are many things that could be said of "Willie" one truer and finer than the other, but to say that he has never been known to refuse a responsibility, turn a deaf ear to a request, or fail to justify a trust, is in itself a eulogy. As treasurer of the Sodality he provided the pleasing complement of superabundant refreshment to his fellow sodalists on December 8th. With typical resource he has become an animated employment bureau, and if dessert is the measure of even commercial success "Willie" will some day be a millionaire.

CORCORAN, Arthur Curtis.

"The baby figure of the giant mass of things to come."

—Shakespeare.

Curtis is the pride of the Pre-Med's, and justly so; his intelligent application to chemistry and biology is a guarantee of future fame among the disciples of Asclepiades. His conversation abounds in a certain shrewd piquancy, tempered by a philosophic outlook and more than a drop of the milk of human kindness. He is a devotee of the pipe, a living advertisement for Forest Frères, Granger and Oxford (Medium), and a constant reader of the 'Golden Book.'

His characteristics are a fine boyish enthusiasm combined with a certain gentle pensiveness.

CRAWFORD, George Edward.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers."—SHAKESPEARE.

This dapper gentleman from the Maritimes is the embodiment of the culture of Academic and social acurbanity. complishments rest lightly on his shoulders; the light, the tasteful and the artistic are George's forte; we would not hereby wish to convey the impression that he lacks the solid abilities of organizing and intelligent co-operation; his activities in managing the sale of tickets during the football and hockey seasons prove this to the hilt. We are convinced that he is therefore a valuable social asset to St. Stephen's during the summer season, for he has been characterized as "the Beau Brummel" of the Philosophers' Flat!

Doyle, Lawrence.

"Is it a world to hide virtues in?"
—Shakespeare.

No, it is not, "Larry." Therefore, let your light shine. Since Larry is so modest about himself, we beg to tell the world at large that here is a man of sterling worth. Larry takes the serious things seriously; hence, his philosophy and his candidacy for a commission and his devotion to class sports. The lighter things of life he touches with the really delightful grace of one who has kissed the "Blarney Stone." He is consistent even in his occasional aberrations from the narrow path of metaphysical exactitude, for, having claimed that there is a universal man, he also claims that man does not die.

Drouin, Laurent.

"Men of few words are the best men."
—SHAKESPEARE.

This unassuming gentleman comes from Collège Ste. Thérèse; he has a

captivating smile, and judging from his neat and methodic notes on philosophy, we are convinced that he is naturally gifted with a clear mind and sound judgment. Although he is still unknown to some of his classmates, we feel assured that he will some day, as an able barrister, reflect credit on the class of '29.

Dupuis, Alcide.

"Villain and he be many miles asunder."
—Shakespeare.

Alcide has the head of a man with the heart of a boy, and there are fewer things finer to be said of any student. There is a striking earnestness and thoroughness about his class work, and a winning joviality about his casual conversation. Ottawa University may well be proud to number him among her sons, for, judging from his recent successes, he will one day astound the medical world. He has also distinguished himself in hockey, football and baseball. Alcide is also an assiduous reader of "Le Devoir," and has a real insight into politics.

FEELEY, Edgar.

"... there is nothing so becomes a man, as modest stillness and humility."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"Uncle Ed's" leading trait is a certain quiet steadiness; in philosophical matter, he is orthodox; in practical issues, sane; in military affairs, rigidly correct. Thus, it would be no surprise to any of us if he achieved fame in any or all of these. This equanimity, this mental poise is the reward of moderation, for from a modest self-revelation we gather that he abhors the levity of the cinema and devotes his dominical leisure to long perambulations in rural districts and intimate communings with Nature. His participation in class sports testifies to his class spirit.

Foley, George.

"I never knew so young a body with so old a head!"
—Shakespeare.

The Poet refers to such men as George as "junior-senior"; the description is as true as it is terse. His diminutive size does not prevent George from being an able hockey player; in fact he has been compared with Aurel Joliat; nor from making a dapper little soldier in the C.O.T.C.; nor from playing baseball with considerable ability. So much for the "senior" half of the description. For the "junior," we might insinuate that his alarming destruction of the chemical apparatus is somewhat like the semi-comic perpetrations of the typical boy! George has a fund of good humour, and an infectious smile that go far to make him as popular as he is.

GAGNE, John Roland.

"... Let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger."
—Shakespeare.

Ottawa University has given Loyola some really prominent men, both students and athletes. Roland's abilities are distinguished by a splendid finish, and there is art as well as science in his football and hockey playing. It is an æsthetic pleasure to watch his performances; he has gone a step further and has proved himself an able coach in rugby. As a psycho-analyst he has specialized in the crime of Claudius, his subsequent remorse and ultimate despair. We understand that he is not at all adverse to favourable comments upon that hirsute adornment he fondly refers to as a moustache.

HART, Jack.

"I warrant you my man's as true as steel."
—Shakespeare

"Jack" is one of those tranquil imperturbable spirits that seem destined to make life smoother for more turbulent minds; his coming and going are not marked by any disturbances. But "Jack" is far from being merely passive; he is thoughtful, and this has stood him in good stead in his studies where patient perseverance is required to produce results; witness his success in chemistry, especially in experimenting, where an enviable neatness and dispatch manifest the clarity of the working mind. He is an athlete of no mean value and has never failed to contribute a significant share to the successes of his class teams.

HEALY, Michael.

"Memory, the warder of the brain... Men are men; the best sometimes forget." —Shakespeare

"Michel" too long perhaps kept in the background by his own retiring modesty, has been "brought out" and it is difficult to determine who has profited more, himself or his class. There is a certain strain of the heroic in his attendance for he faces daily perils at the hands of a reckless Jehu. "Michel" has really distinguished himself in philosophy; he is at his best in controversies, whether as defender or objector. He has projected a series of important and literary lectures on such celebrities as Daniel O'Connell, George Eliot and Savonarola, but, alas for fame, a lamentable attack of amnesia has replaced his plans in the depths of potentiality, whence they rose. Naturally, a mind as preoccupied or as preempted as Michael's must have recourse to the trivialities of time-telling. This action has grown so significant that only the Poet's words can describe it: "... then he drew a dial from his poke, and looking on it with lacklustre eye, says very wisely 'It is ten o'clock'.

Keely, Garry.

. . . "A well graced actor. . .
—Shakespeare.

Garry is a man of parts, in fact, of parts beyond parts, vulgarly known as

quantity. But his quality also is sterling. Only those who do not know him well were surprised as well as pleased when he made 98 per cent in the philosophy orals; those who do know him were pleased only. As a conversationalist Garry is a pronounced success; he has never been known to repeat himself in anecdote or reflection. "Barnes" in "Officer 666" he showed originality and histrionic ability. We suppose he will be barnstorming this summer. We are convinced that he is the male champion cheer-leader of Canada. Of his debating ability we are all convinced, for his last argument was protracted over tea time till deep into the night.

LAPIERRE, Edward.

"... 'tis a kind of good deed to say well."

—Shakespeare.

This gentleman joined what he terms "the immortal class of '29" in February, 1927. It is understood that it took him some time to become acquainted with all the members thereof, and we understand also he was equally surprised and touched when this year he was elected vice-president, at a meeting held when he happened to be absent. Ed. is a "merchant in words" and gives away his wares when he despairs of receiving the coin of hearing; a few of his characteristic phrases are, "a gentleman and scholar", which he believes can be justly applied to all his friends; "eminently so" and "not impossibly" express varying degrees of agreement and, "it's a point of view" a not too vigorous dissent; "the culture of urbanity" is his chosen text for preachments on practical life. We are given to understand that he has developed a sudden interest in music! With Mr. Phelan of the class of '28, he has taken part in public debates, both in 1927 and 1928.

LONERGAN, Mark Gerald.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."
—Shakespeare.

Mark is a universal favourite; he has never been known to refuse a fellow-mortal a cigarette. He has a genial smile for every day in the week, not a different one, of course, for Mark is perfectly ingenuous. With his lovable boy-like qualities he combines a devotion to his studies, especially chemistry, that keeps him abreast of the best specialists in the class. In summer he plays tennis and in winter—shivers. He is as solicitous of his room-mate as that gentleman is of him. Ecce quam bonum. . . "

MALONEY, J. Harold.

"... let me have leave to speak."
—Shakespeare.

Harold may justly say: "I have done the State some service, and they know't". This eloquent gentleman, after gathering all the laurels Ottawa University and the national capital could offer, and sighing for new worlds to conquer, has selected Loyola and the national metropolis for the scene of even greater activities. He came to us with no mean reputation as a debater and a student of politics and, what is really rare, has lived up to and even surpassed that reputation. In his serious moments, he is really instructing; in his lighter vein, really amusing and always himself—and interesting.

MARANDA, Emilien.

"A very riband in the cap of youth." —Shakespeare.

"Max", as he has become known to his friends, hails from Levis, and it may be remarked here in passing that receiving a nickname, as he has, is the surest indication of admission into intimacy and fraternity. There is something about him, something that is popularly known as "natty." That he has mastered the English language is evident from the speed and frequency with which he uses it both outside of class and—in it.

McComber, Philip.

"The spirit of a youth that means to be of note, begins betimes."—Shakespeare.

Philip has prospered under the able tutelage of the President of the class, which, as we all admit, is the surest road to success and popularity. He is not, however, merely the shadow of a great man; he is an independent substance, although we have known him to be rather dubious as to the existence of his own soul. This, however, can be attributed to that aloofness and impersonality that marks true philosophic speculation. With Columbus as his model, and "Sail on" as his motto, he will reach new worlds or—deep waters.

McGuiness, Stephen.

"For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich."
—Shakespeare.

"Steve" is a poet and not a mere versifier, and the genuine songster that is not made but born. He is an ardent admirer of Francis Thompson and is on his way to become an authority on this bard. He abhors the trite and delights in the exotic. It is unfortunate that only a few of his classmates have heard him play classic and modern selections on the pianoforte, for his renditions display not only technical ability, but penetration and sympathy. Apart from these varied endowments he holds the championship of St. Ignatius parish in tennis.

Mullally, James Emmett.

"If music be the food of love, play on."
—Shakespeare.

A musician, a student, and an athlete of note, James excels in playing the "Wabash Blues" on the clarinet and violin solos "à la Heifetz." He intends to combine his medical successes with his athletic by inventing a serum guaranteed to restore the injured football players that strew his tracks when he carries the ball down the field. Philosophical controversies and debates are merely successful side-issues.

Munich, Adhemar.

"A man in all the world's new fashion planted, that hath a mint of phrases in his brain."
—Shakespeare.

We have insinuated that the bestowal of a nickname is the surest sign of admission into the innermost degree of fraternity. What must be said of a man that rejoices in as many nicknames as friends? "Bobby" plays hockey and this season rose to the heroic by stopping the puck with his teeth. In all seriousness it must be said to Bob's credit that he has rendered valiant service to the football team by his plucky and effective tackling. It is a pleasure to say that Robert is really a diligent and conscientious student, especially in metaphysics and economics. We are sure that one day Robert will prove himself an able business man. His outstanding characteristic is his generosity to his friends.

Murphy, Edwin Lawrence.

"... the elements so mixed in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, This was a man!"

—Shakespeare.

"Spud's" abilities and achievements are many and surprisingly varied; he accomplishes each of his undertakings with such skill and finish that one who does not know him would say that it was his only pursuit; this is true of his metaphysics, in which he has been justly called a specialist; of his bridge, for he has been champion several times in the annual tournaments; of his music, since he has been a constant and

indeed necessary member of the orchestra for years; of his presidency of the class of '29, in which he has shown that he is both popular and efficient; of his position as Senior Officer of the C.O.-T.C. Contingent, where he displays evident leadership and an intimate knowledge of military regulations. To those who know him the explanation of this amazing versatility lies in the fact that he possesses mental gifts of a higher order and a magnetic personality which make him a natural leader and a lasting friend.

NOLAN, Patrick.

"An honest mind and plain; he must speak truth."
—Shakespeare.

"Pat" succeeds in all that he undertakes, and his undertakings are by no means puny. Indeed it was only because we felt that we could not spare him from our philosophical controversies that we decided not to enter him in the "Bunion Derby," for his feet are as nimble as his wit. Apart from investigations in cosmology, he devotes himself with conspicuous success to hockey, football, basketball and baseball. There is no more ardent and able defender of the glories of the Irish race than "Pat."

O'DONNELL, William P.

". . . bears his blushing honours thick upon him."
—Shakespeare.

"Bill" is naturally very modest, but his ability has, as it were, found him out and he has, seriously, many admirers. He has a clear mind and has used it to great advantage in philosophical controversies and chemistry. He plays basketball and hockey, both with distinction. As marker in No. 2 Platoon he is smart and reliable. "Bill" is an elocutionist and a debater; in the art of the former he is grave, solemn and tragic; in that of the latter quick, keen and caustic. Loyalty and cheerfulness are his distinguishing qualities.

Pigeon, George Etienne.

"He is complete in feature, and in mind, with all good grace to grace a gentleman."

-SHAKESPEARE.

The Junior class breathes a sigh of genuine relief when George and "Michel" finally reach the lecture hall, for every day they risk life and limb in the jaunting Juggernaut that unites the Point with the centre. George is as modest as he is versatile; outside the College he is an actor, a singer and an able organizer; in our midst he is, as we all gratefully agree, an athlete of well-merited repute, a steady worker and an ever-welcome companion.

Power, J. Gavan.

"A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed; well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms; nothing becomes him ill."—SHAKESPEARE.

Gavan is emphatically a big man; he is an athlete all the year round; in the fall he is a power on the football field; in winter a brilliant hockey player; his lacrosse, tennis, badminton and squash do him equal credit in summer. His mental powers may be gauged from the fact that for the past year he has been on the professorial staff of the Catechists. He is unfailing in fulfilling his functions as First Assistant of the Sodality. He is an experienced and capable public speaker and has frequently used his persuasive powers to promote the cause of the Liberal Party and, recently, as assistant advertising manager of the Review, to make its publication a success. As officer of the C.O.T.C. his appearance is as splendid as his ability is marked, for he and his platoon, No. 3, won the McCrory shield this year. As a classmate and friend, Gavan is gentle, generous and magnanimous.

Quinn, Harold.

"Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."
—Shakespeare.

Harold is altogether too modest about his abilities and achievements. In

philosophy he has specialized in a metaphysical enquiry into "quiddity" (answering the question, "Quid est?"). Westmount Park tennis courts are often the scene of his athletic feats and more than one spectator has paused to admire his flashing form and finished technique. His moustache is too venerable a tradition to be commented upon in frivolous mode. In chemistry he is particularly intent upon discovering some accelerating explosive that will decisively falsify, or (forbid the thought) justify the epithet, "the late Mr. Quinn."

RYAN, John.

"Experience is by industry achieved."
—SHAKESPEARE.

This affable gentleman has drawn up and carried out a schedule of studies worthy of his own ability; he is a diligent worker in astronomical, biological and geological pursuits; furthermore he has determined to complete the Periodic Table in chemistry and may often be found in the laboratory perfuming the atmosphere with those pungent vapors only science can produce. His acumen and assiduity have won for him honours in both science and philosophy.

SAVARD, Eugene.

"Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
His heart and hand both open and both free."
——Shakespeare.

The endearing name of "Brother" which his numerous friends and admirers have bestowed upon "Gene" is convincing proof of the esteem and popularity he enjoys. The whole College knows him as the hero of many a notable football victory or hockey triumph; his class know him as the ever-willing co-operator in all things intellectual requiring artistic expression; we are all proud of his schemes and designs on the animal kingdom and the classification of languages; we all know

that his notes are very probably the

neatest of all the philosophers'. Since "Brother Gene" is so modest, and retiring, only his intimate friends perhaps realize the full measure of geniality, generosity and kindliness that make the hours spent in his company so short and so unforgettable.

SAYLOR, Lester.

"He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose."
—Shakespeare.

Somewhere in the epistle of St. James, there is an insinuation that the man that controls his tongue is not far from being a perfect man. We claim to have exemplified this aphorism in the person of Lester. He is the true philosopher who listens and stores up wisdom for the future. It is an acknowledged fact that he is the best lacrosse player in the College, and what is even truer, if possible, the best golfer. As a biologist he is a real student of real life, and an expert wielder of the curious scalpel of science.

SHAUGHNESSY, Quinn.

'... I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw and overcame' —Shakespeare.

Quinn is a conqueror, to be classed some day with Cæsar and William, Demosthenes et alii. It must be said to his credit and with all seriousness that he owes his success, which is conspicuous, to devoting a fine talent to the most creditable undertakings. He is a philosopher, a chemist and a biologist. As a member of the Inter-University Debating League he reflected glory on the College and won for himself the applause and admiration of his fellowstudents. On the football team he is characteristically aggressive either in creating the necessary "holes" in the opposing line or in carrying the ball towards victory. Quinn for all his successes is unassuming and always a charming companion.

STANFORD, Lionel.

"Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?" —Shakespeare.

To say that this gentleman is eloquent is an understatement. To speak entertainingly at any time is an achievement for any one, but to speak entertainingly all the time is natural to "Li." His proverbial punning proclivity promotes popularity, proves personal penetration, precludes plagiarism and predicts prowess. He is an ardent disciple of Scotus, Lopez, Tilden, and Liederman. He is frequently seen riding around the mountain; he must be a skilled equestrian, for he has a comprehensive knowledge of the horse.

TIMMINS, Rodolphe.

"I have bought gold opinions from all sorts of people."

—Shakespeare.

"Rud" is a man of few words but of many and meaningful actions. As President of the L.C.A.A. he has shown that he is worthy of the trust we reposed in him at the elections and has more than lived up to our expectations. His success in the above-mentioned position has earned for him the responsible office of Chairman on the Field Day Committee. His speed and dexterity with the "Flivver" are equalled only by his agility with the pigskin on the grid, or his clever stick-handling on the ice.

WALSH, James Edward.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."
—Shakespeare.

Have you noticed the number of promising men who rejoice in the name of Edward? "Jimmy" lives up to his name of "peacemaker," for no one has ever seen him flurried or annoyed. His characteristic trait is placidity; but, behind this there lies an almost unexpected wealth of real ability; witness

his success in philosophy and athletics. He is also an accomplished basketball player and a baseball star of steady brilliance.

WHITELAW, John.

"He was a scholar and a ripe and good one; exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading."

—Shakespeare.

Because an epithet has been used of many others it is no less true when applied to one who deserves it preeminently, and hence, we feel justified in using the term versatile once more. "Chummy" excels in all his activities: he is a fine scholar, a clever basketball player, an efficient organizer, a gold medallist in elocution, a debater of experience, a social lion, we are given to understand, and a tireless worker as Advertising Manager on the Review staff. Such are his performances. His constant companion is his pipe, and his constant topic of conversation Camp Orelda. The man himself is a delightful combination of seriousness and geniality.

Wolfe, J. Leonard.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." —Shakespeare.

"Len" has a sunny equable temperament that has endeared him to all his aquaintances; he has no moods but geniality, and no pursuits in which he does not excel. His skill in mathematics he has turned to good advantage in bridge and tennis; on account of his intimate knowledge of the latter sport, he has been a mainstay on Tennis Committees for the last three years. Although he is devoting his talents to scientific research, we all know that the Bar is losing a wonderful pleader for almost daily "Len" is engaged in singing the praises of Sherbrooke and gainsaying the gainsayers.

Atmosphere



T stood back a distance from the street like a thing in disgrace, a tall, drab building, irregular and ugly of form. Scrawny vines crawled rampantly around its walls until it seemed that the

building itself was in the clutch of a mighty hand that rose out of the earth and might at any moment draw it under. The rusty iron fence, together with the twisting walk of age-stained flags, combined to give the place a repellent forbidding appearance. School children always hushed their laughter as they passed by, and cast furtive, curious glances. Often a timid child would scream in fright as it dashed wildly past after dusk. Unknowingly, they called it the "Crazy House" in awed tones. But those who did know and did understand called it, humanely, "The Howard Institution for the Mentally Afflicted.'

At 8.30 p.m., just as the lights came on suddenly over the whole city, Clyde Evans opened the iron gate, allowed it to swing slowly shut, and turned impulsively up the walk. He wore a drab brown suit, neat in itself, but loosely fitting his angular form. His face, though well-formed, was noticeably drawn, and this accentuated the depth of his brow, his tense, even lips and his deep-set eyes in which shadows seemed

Clyde loathed this task that had been his for eleven months; and of late he had been conscious of a nausea of revulsion more violent than ever which always seized upon him as he turned up this little walk. He hesitated before the huge, oaken door, and turning,

looked thoughtfully out upon the welllit street. The boys he knew would soon be starting for Roseland with their girls, and he could have gone along. It would be wonderful to row out once more on the cool river and listen to the orchestra from the pavilion. Clyde felt a sudden impulse to go back. He started guiltily, as he thought of Dave waiting inside, and mechanically turned the knob. The huge door opened and closed behind him with a horrible grating sound. The dark vestibule of the Convalescent ward trembled with its rasping echoes. Through the dark, gloomy labyrinth of halls he softly passed; from the rooms wild staring eyes looked out at him; some of the poor creatures called him names, others sat silent by bedsides in grotesque poses. In one room a woman rocked a pillow in her arms, as if she held a child, and sang to it in a dull voice. 34, 35, 36, the white enamelled numbers over the rooms leaped out to him from the darkness. At 38 Clyde paused and knocked.

A faint voice floated out to him from within and Clyde passed into his brother's room. The form of a boy in the early twenties lay huddled upon a bed. A ray of light from a street-lamp fell across the bed illuminating his matted black hair, his pallid boyish face and thin bony hands that were plucking

listlessly at the counterpane.

"Hello, Dave." Clyde spoke gently.

Dave screwed his face into a wry smile and turned his head sideways; his hand felt through the gloom to find Clyde's.

Not today, Clyde, my head throbbed terribly all afternoon; about six, the pain went away. I've been waiting for you ever since." The boy paused. "I need you more when I've had a bad day, Clyde. Thank God, they seldom come now; that was the first in two months.

There was a long tense silence in the room; then the tired voice went on.

"Clyde that light glares in my face; pull down the shade, please, ... ah! that's better. You know, Clyde, I'm getting to love the dark. I see things better in the dark; I feel them more intensely." He laughed bitterly to himself. "Maybe, it's because I've been in the dark so long.

"Nothing of the kind," Clyde answered reassuringly, "Davy boy, you're just a little blue, that's all.

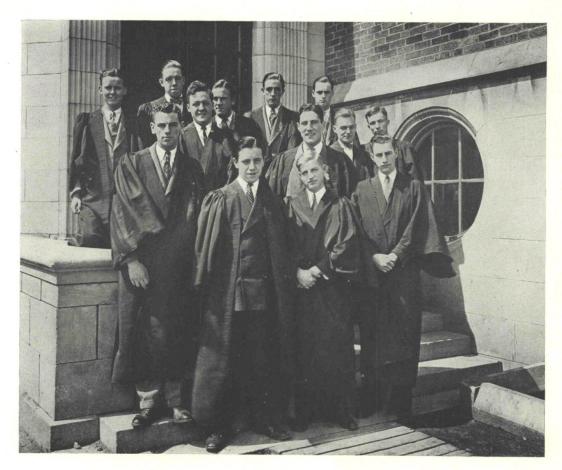
Clyde moved a chair up to the bedside; his hand felt along the bed till it found Dave's and clasped it tightly. He felt Dave's responding clasp stronger than ever before.

Every night for eleven months this had been his vigil at Dave's side, his hand clasping Dave's, helping him to fight his way to health again. Thus had he calmed and soothed him in those early days when Dave was a crazed, grief-stricken boy; during those terrible nights when Dave, in his deliriums, would rave, cry, and sing his incoherent rambling sentences till it was far into the night. But Clyde's persuasive, anodynous voice had always won out at last, to pacify his brother's fevered mind. And now Dave had been for a long time on the road to recovery; it was only the loneliness, the despondency that he feared now. After his office hours, Clyde used to sit every night beside him in the darkness, sometimes talking and getting Dave to laugh, often remaining silent, each busy with his own thoughts.

To-night Clyde wanted to think. There were so many things that had to be considered and connected in some sort of logical pattern. What was there to these experiences that lately had been his? Those grotesque dreams from which he awoke all trembling and soaking with perspiration, to lie sleepless through the still hours, tossing the night out; haunting noises that came upon him suddenly when he was alone? Then those words of Dr. Brodely today? Distinctly they came before his mind now: "Evans, I am going to be frank with you, tragically frank. symptoms, together with the fact that there has been insanity in your family, are not, to put it mildly, encouraging. There is some avenue in your life that is depressing you, some atmosphere that is affecting you morbidly. My remedy, and the only remedy, is this: A complete breaking-off from this avenue or atmosphere and a long undisturbed rest. Cost what it may, it is better to do this, old man, than to be left with . . . " Clyde remembered distinctly how dramatically he had paused here—"perhaps a crippled brain." As if in a dream, Clyde heard these final words: "Otherwise, Evans, I'll give you about three weeks before something terrible happens.'

In spite of himself, Clyde shivered slightly as the truth burst upon him with a new force. Only three weeks stood between him and this damnable place, this hell that he loathed with all his vital soul-strength; the weird voices that wandered through the corridors like lost spirits, the sudden screeches that stabbed the brooding darkness, the echoes of the strong laughter, the clumsy tread of an orderly down the hall, the loneliness, and the Dark... Thank God that he had even these three weeks. Dave now had less than a week before he could leave—he wondered if Dave himself knew this yet. Yes, he could stick it out a few more days, and then! what a relief to take Dave away, to know there would be no returning to this "House of Fools."

Suddenly Dave's voice floated up to him out of the darkness, awakening him from his reverie—"Clyde!"
"Yes, Dave, what?"



SOPHOMORE



FRESHMAN

"Clyde, do you remember that time long ago at Aunt Mary's when we were youngsters?"

"The time we got lost, Davy, in the

woods?'

"Yes, remember out there beyond Mount Marcy? 'Member we got lost, and then the night came on-wasn't that awful, Clyde?" Remember how we cried all night, up in a tree so nothing could get us? Remember how glad we were when Uncle George found us in the morning and brought us back—and, when we saw Aunt Mary, how we ran, laughing and crying for joy, down the fields to her?"

Dave had raised himself on one slender elbow and was breathing swift-

"Oh, Clyde, that's the way I feel now, like crying for joy. Clyde, old man, I'm coming out of the woods. Don't you see, Clyde, I'm found at last. I'm going home Tuesday. Doctor Turner said I . . . ' Dave fell back exhausted, his deep bright eyes agleam

"There now, Davy, easy-", Clyde said, "I imagine this excitement explains your little spell today. Tuesday, eh? Why, that means heaven to me. And now here's a surprise for you, old boy. I'm driving up to get you in a brand new car I've bought. And after you rest at home for a while and get your strength back, we're going on the sweetest trip that any two fellows ever went on together, I'll say. 'Way up in those good old Adirondacks, out in old Keene valley, Dave, where the air's like wine, with those big skies over us, with those cold mountain streams full of trout, and those quiet nights full of soft twilight. We'll sit side by side again and watch God's gorgeous sunsets. How eager I am to go! Up there we'll make our little world, Dave's and Clyde's world it will be. Up there we'll fish and hunt all day to our hearts' content and build our camp fire at night and smoke and dream.'

Dave didn't trust himself to speak, but Clyde felt the clasp of his hand grow stronger, and that spoke volumes.

There was silence between them for a time. Suddenly Dave spoke. "Listen, Clyde, listen to Hendriks, poor devil. They're moving him back out of the

convalescent ward.'

Down the hall came a rasping hysterical voice. Across the night it came hurling interrogations, defiance and curses in pulsating tones, sometimes soft like the pleading tones of a beaten woman, sometimes arrogant as a vicious fighting

From somewhere came the sounds of scraping feet, of banging doors, and then—and then as before: silence, mystic

and profound.

The brothers listened attentively.

"Doctor told me he was hopeless, Clyde, told me this morning. He'll never be found like I am, Clyde.' Silence again, and then suddenly: "Light me a cigarette, Clyde, please." Clyde scratched a match, and then, cupping the hungry flame, bent towards Dave. Their eyes met searchingly for an instant in the glare.

'My, but your hand trembles, Clyde. I suppose Hendriks upset you. Funny about that, though. I thought you were acclimatized to such things after

all these months.'

Dave paused for a moment as if

puzzled.

"Your eyes too seem terribly tired, all blood-shot. Tell me, Clyde, don't you sleep?"

Clyde did not seem to have heard. Then Dave spoke again-"How long was I like—like Hendriks, Clyde?'

'About three months, Dave; but let's forget about that now; all that's past—

forever.

Clyde was feeling feverishly excited now. Twice he made as if to speak; then when he did speak he tried to make his voice impersonal and calm.

"Dave, what happened leading up to

your breakdown?"

"Why lack of sleep, primarily, Clyde; I was terribly nervous, became obssessed with strange ideas, and when at last I'd get to sleep I'd have the most horrible dreams of some accident or tragedy in which you and Mabel always figured. But I suppose it would have passed off all right, only—well you know the rest. Mabel died, and thenwell—something snapped, and the next thing I knew I was looking up at you, and you told me I had been here three months already.'

Again Clyde lapsed into silence, and when he spoke again it was with slow, distinct accents, as if feeling his way. His voice was still apathetic and calm.

"Dave, tell me—often when you were alone, were there times when strange noises came upon you; sometimes perhaps the sounds of footsteps off in the distance approaching, drawing nearer and nearer, until it seemed they were passing right over your head; first one footstep, then another, and another, increasing always, till at last it seemed like the sound of a large army tramping down the hall?"

Dave had raised himself to a half

sitting position:

'Why, Clyde, how did you know?'' The genuine surprise in his tone was unmistakable. "I never thought I told you about that...

Clyde's voice, sharp as a knife, cut in: "How long before Mabel died did you

have these?

Dave, taken aback by the severity in his brother's voice, answered mockingly: "Why I don't know, Dr. Clyde. I really hadn't prepared myself for such a stern cross-examination. But since you must diagnose, I should think that I had them anywhere from a month to three weeks. But just as you said: first one, then two, three, and in a crescendo of footsteps which seemed to come from afar off, and ever growing in volume seemed to tramp right across the very roof of my brain back into silence again. But what have you been

doing, Clyde? reading up on the case? Clyde you should be a physician.'

Dave, as he teased his brother, could not see through the shadows Clyde's face, which had become grave and pallid with fear and misery.

'Dave, did your eyes ache intensely

after those spells?"

'Why yes, Clyde, when I come to think of it, they did ache terribly, throbbing as if they'd burst from their sockets. But, Clyde, where did you read these things?'

Clyde waived the question and arose, as somewhere outside from tower or turret there boomed out ten silver

strokes.

Well, goodnight, Dave; now get a good night's rest. Let's see. I'll drive up Tuesday, about noon. Be dressed all set to go, so that we won't have to delay, and we'll hurry out of here forever."

Dave studied Clyde carefully as he crossed the room, noting the droop of his shoulders, his slender form, the thin outline of his profile. He watched him feel nervously for the knob.

'Clyde!" Dave's voice full of alarm came swiftly across the silent room.

'Yes, Dave?'' Clyde half turned and

questioned wearily.

"Clyde, aren't you well? Nothing wrong is there? I've noticed you these last four visits. You've changed awfully, you know. And all those strange questions you've been asking. Tell me,

Clyde, are you ill too?"
"Dave," Clyde spoke with a great effort, "I'm tired, that's all, and next Tuesday will be the end of this. And then up there in God's country, deep in those Adirondack mountains we'll rest and forget. Don't worry about me,

Dave, please."

Slowly he opened the door and closed

it softly behind him. . .

June is a beautiful month, mystic and beautiful even to those who are accustomed to the soft caress of its golden sunlight, to the fierce pagan

beauty of its rare flowers, and to the charm that only its dreamy days can bring. But to Dave, who had lain so long in the shadows, it was the paradise of God. Out of the darkness into the light! Dave dressed, and waiting, wondered to himself if there were others in the world as happy as he. From his window he gazed out on the busy street, a part of that world to which he was going back. Before him passed the pageantry of life: shining cars filled with happy people, pretty girls, groups of laughing boys, many children in the streets. Life was calling him, and now he could go. He had thanked Dr. Turner, the nurses and all the staff, and now he was eager to be gone. melody of the song he had known long ago came to him and he found himself whistling softly "All the world is waiting for the sunrise." He listened anxiously for the echo of swift footfalls, for Clyde would come hurriedly, he knew, eager to be off. As he waited, he wondered at the slow plodding footsteps that moved up the silent corridor as if someone was carrying a heavy burden; nearer and nearer they drew. Outside his door they stopped. A heavy hand fell upon the knob, fumbled with it clumsily and the door slowly opened and Clyde, his brother, stood before him.

'Heavens above! Clyde!! You scared me. What's the matter with you, Clyde? I'm ready to clear out. There's nothing wrong, Clyde, I can go. I-

Dave's eyes slowly took in his brother's haggard face, his trembling hands, his ill-kempt hair, his strange twitching eyes. "No, No, No, tell me, Clyde, there's nothing wrong. Tell from your lips, Clyde, you're going to take me away. Please, Clyde, please, say that you have come to get me."

With heavy tread Clyde crossed the room and sat down wearily. He bent his head and rested his elbows on his knees, and ran his nervous fingers through his disheveled hair. At last he said wearily:

"Dave, lower the shade, will you?

I'd rather be in the dark.'

Dave put down the grip he had already seized, and went towards Clyde, putting his hands gently upon the bent,

sloping shoulders.

What's the matter, old fellow? Nerves giving out on you? It's been a terrific strain, hasn't it? But you don't want the shade down now, Clyde. You've come to take me home, Clyde. Don't you remember?—then gently, 'It's not night now, Clyde, it's day.

A hollow voice like a sob floated up from the bowed head: "It's day for you, Dave, and I'm glad."

Clyde suddenly became impatient: "Dave, you're wrong. Don't you think I've thought out all these things when I lay awake at night? when I couldn't sleep? No, Dave, you're wrong. You've heard of ships that pass in the night? Well we're something like that, only we're ships that pass in the twilight. You're going into the light, Dave, while I—I—I'm going into the dark forever. It's just . . .

'Quit that, Clyde. Pull yourself together. Let's get out of here. You're not going to fail me now, are you? Here now, get up and let's clear out of here before this damned place gets you."

'Gets me? Now that's good. I like that!" and Clyde laughed harshly.

He rose mechanically, and Dave led him out of the room and slowly down the hall.

'Come, Clyde, brace up,' Dave's voice pleaded. "A few more steps down the hall, and then, then freedom, Clyde, freedom and happiness for us two. And think of that trip you promised! What kind of a car is it, Clyde?" As he led him on Dave kept plying him with questions to divert his mind. Suddenly Clyde stopped.

'I can't go further.'' He spoke with a note of determination. He went on, his words coming extremely slowly as if he weighed each one separately: "Dave, it — isn't — right; — we — left — no — torch — for — those — who — come — after."

"Don't, Clyde, please. For my sake, Clyde, stop it. You're worn out. You need rest, and thank God it's near. Just around the corner now, and we are out of here forever."

He took Clyde by the arm who moved like one in a dream, his eyes fixed, star-

ing straight ahead.

"Ah! here we are," Dave cried, and with lightning fingers he lifted the latch and swung the door wide open. A flood of sunlight, warm, refulgent, burst into the darkened vestibule, filling it like a burst of music. Dave caught his breath with the glory of it all, his eyes lit up, and he extended his arms as if he could clutch it. He turned back and grasped Clyde's arm as he stood limply and with drooping of head and shoulders. "Look, Clyde, Freedom, Day, Life, Happiness! At last just across the threshold! Clyde, come. . ."

Clyde suddenly wrenched himself free with an irritated movement. Spasms shook his frame. His face became contorted. He raised his hands to his gleaming eyes to shield off the blinding flood of golden sunlight. Impulsively he turned and ran swiftly, his footsteps pattering down the twisting halls, where the gloom, where darkness always held sway, where the sunshine never came. Suddenly the halls were filled with laughter, with ringing peals of a madman's diabolic laughter, soulhaunting and terrible. It was the cry of one lost forever. Twice it rang out in

quaking accents, trailing further and further away down the hall until it was lost in the silent darkness.

Dave stood in silence while his nature struggled within him against the inevitable. He felt life calling to him, and all his nature seemed to respond to that call. But he was poignantly conscious of a more powerful, of a more perceptibly dominating force that held him back. And Dave knew that he had failed; that though he almost won, yet he could never have won. A mystic force he could not but obey held him back and claimed him. Across his mind before the hungry darkness seized it again forever, just for a moment, clear and vivid as a flame, he saw the eternal truth: that some are made to tread the obscure ways of sorrow, as some are made to tread life's sunlit ways; the realization of the hopelessness of man's struggles to break the vise of destiny, or to beat down those cosmic forces that God ordains should rule the universe, dawned upon him suddenly, and he was left stunned with his discovery. When it was too late he saw the tragic joke.

Again he heard his brother's cry, and as he would have gone back with him into life to share its joys, so now by that same fraternal bond he would follow him into the darkness once again.

So turning from the threshold he had to leave uncrossed, he walked slowly down the corridor, back once more out of the atmosphere of light into the atmosphere of darkness—and of pain.

JOHN ROBINSON CUMMINS, '28.

The Butterfly

A limpid speck of gold and green Throned in a jewelled flower, Beauty eternal garbs me—yet I live but a fleeting hour.

К. Scott, '32.

Earth's Jewel

To choose three treasures upon earth
An angel came (so goes the tale)
At God's command to search the world
And bring them back to Heaven's vale.

The sunset's glory caught his eye:

T'was crimson, gold and purple flecked;

A velvet-petaled rose he touched,

Its leaves with pearly dew bedecked.

He saw a Mother rock her babe
And caught the love-gleam in her eye
The while she sang a gentle song
And softly crooned a lullaby.

He took the sunset from the sky
And made his own the Mother's love;
He plucked the rose that grew so gay
And joyful went to realms above.

Alas! he sought his treasures three: The rose was dead: the sunset bare; But sweeter, stronger, fairer still The Mother's love alone was fair.

GORDON GEORGE, IV HIGH.

Sophomore

Beaubien, Claude. — Familiarly known as the "Baron." Between the hours devoted to his new car and the science of graphology he hasn't had much time lately to uphold the old French traditions in Canada. A dark cloud appears on his horizon whenever history turns to Madeleine de Verchères.

Brodeur, Lucien.—Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more." But for "Lucy," as he is familiarly known, this summons seems never to have penetrated those innermost regions where Orpheus rules with his magic wand. "Perpetuus Sopor Lucienum urget." However in spite of his natural inclination to pursue "great nature's second course," Lucien has endeared himself to us by his gentle temper, ready wit, unassuming, easy going disposition.

CORDEAU, ROGER.—Roger came to Loyola from the Catholic High School, two years ago. Someone has remarked that "Roge" is an Irish Canadian. He is Irish, because of his ready wit and keen sense of humour, and he is Canadian, because of his edifying taste for our tobacco product. It has also been said that there are two good things about Roger, viz., Tansey and Sullivan.

FINN, BASIL.—The Flying Finn's chief ambition is to win the Boston Marathon. Basil, however, in spite of his athletically inclined aspirations, does not waste his numerous talents in this one pursuit. A Mathematician, French scholar, Physicist of note, Swimming Instructor, Surveyor, and Basketball player, his young life is a study in action, meditation, responsibility and high ideals.

Guilboard, Ivan.—We have in Ivan a cartoonist of no small note. We have had occasion to see some of Ivan's work and, if we may express our humble opinion, Bud Fisher had better improve—or starve. In all its athletic activities Sophomore had no more ardent supporter than Ivan. He was always there to engage in the game personally or cheer his team.

HAYNES, PAUL.—Sophomore is certainly proud to rank among its numbers such an all round fellow and splendid athlete as Paul. High-School as well as Arts' Course combine in appreciation of this unassuming lad. Paul is as bright a scholar as he is an athlete, and is always ready to lend a hand. There is one thing that Paul is seldom seen without—his smile.

Kelley, Charles.—"Charlie" possesses extraordinary ability in the art of rhythmic dancing, but he steps with no less alacrity in the dance of the Greek and Latin Muses. One of our leading scholars, whose fiery spirit and conscientious application is a shining example for the rest of the class, a social lion, scholar extraordinary and an excellent debater, he is an invaluable cog in the great Sophomore machine.

McCarrey, Quain.—Mens sana in corpore sano. Vice-president of the class, L.C.A.A. executive, he holds one of the most esteemed positions in Loyola, and when the din of official activities has subsided he finds time to indulge (very lightly) in Rugby, Hockey and Lacrosse. His prowess in these three major sports make him one of the outstanding athletes of the hour.

O'Connor, Kevin.—Our very able and worthy president, Kevin has always the interests of his College and class at heart. Besides his executive ability as class president, Kevin distinguished himself as chairman of the Forum. Incidentally, it is hardly necessary to dwell on "Kev's" outstanding oratorical ability, and the interest he commands every time he rises to speak.

Rowe, Frank.—French oratory has quite an admirer in Frank. We, of Sophomore, have had opportunity to hear this eloquent gentleman propounding his views in French, and it is our 'frank' opinion that the French parliament is in need of such men. Not much is heard from Frank, but he always wears that pleasant grin.

RYAN, ROBERT.—In the great scheme of things Bobby seems to have been destined to wield a racquet that would bring him fame and glory. Although he has up to this time confined his activities to Three Rivers and Loyola, yet his ability is not to be denied, and some day we are sure he will be the Tilden of the tennis world. A lover of Music, a connoisseur of Greek and Latin, he possesses those fine rich qualities which

constitute a quiet, kind, unassuming and manly character.

SINCLAIR, DOUGLAS.—God bless the Scotch for giving us Doug. This breezy young man is the class villain and an imitator quite proficient in his art. Though the smallest in the class, his contributions to the fame of the class rugby and hockey teams cannot in any way be compared to his stature. He was also Captain of the Camp Orelda Junior Hockey team which entered the Junior Provincial Finals.

Sullivan, Gerald.—That versatile lad known as "Red" again this year proved himself an asset to our various teams in Sophomore. Several times during the past year Gerald tried to imitate the proverbial "Village Smith" as he stood hammering at the rear of the room. The smith, however, had a sledge and an anvil.

Tansey, Harold.—Class rhetorician, and as eloquent in French as in English. In the Freshman-Sophomore goaler's race this winter, Harold won an easy victory over his opponent. With a strong wind behind his back, he did the 75 yards in 45 seconds flat. I admire that man Tansey.

Evolution

I looked at the book-lined walls around,— (The archives of human thought), And I turned the pages of famous deeds, And marvelled at life and where it leads, And where it leads to what?

I drew out a book from a crowded shelf,— (Its creed, I had heard, was odd), But I read and read though the pages pained, And solemnly asked as the sunlight waned: Oh God! is the ape my God?

LEWIS J. PHELAN, '28.

Airways

Caelum certe patet; ibimus illac.—Ovid.



HE whir of the propeller, the rising crescendo of the powerful motor, the shouts of the nimble mechanics as the blocks are withdrawn, a wave of the controller's flag, and, racing over the

ground at an ever increasing speed, we feel the tail rise, and then in a moment, far below, we see the fields and hangars of the ærodrome! We are off! Our ærial voyage has begun. The landscape below us, patched like an old quilt, with every shade of green and brown, with here and there the silver thread of a stream or river, unfolds itself like a tremendous picture to our fascinated gaze, as the 'plane circles higher and higher. Leaning back in our luxurious chairs, we can study mother earth from an entirely new angle. No one who has never flown before can picture the many peculiarities of an ordinary country landscape, when seen from the air. The roads wind back and forth like great white worms, joining, crossing, and extending their spindly arms, as far as the eye can see.

Looking out on the other side we see the great city we have left, Cologne. Familiar land-marks are no longer recognizable. All form part of a most bewildering maze of streets and buildings, which, with the exception of the magnificent old Gothic Cathedral, it is well-nigh impossible for the unpractised eye to distinguish from any other old German city.

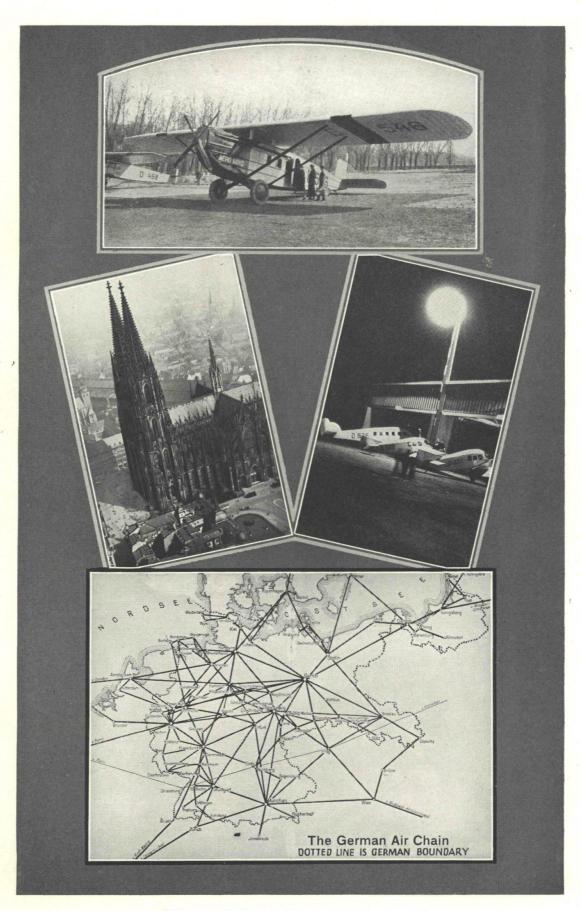
Now we are over a deviating watercourse, the Rhine, that famous river, which no doubt by the joint efforts of Cæsar, its wine, and tourist agencies, is

destined for immortality. We can see for miles in both directions, while below us, the steamers and barges plying up and down seem scarcely to move, although in reality they are moving at quite a goodly speed. Then also we suddenly are under the impression that we too are scarcely moving, and perhaps we begin to lose faith in the theory that an æroplane maintains its altitude by its speed. The fact is that our great altitude-the average height for liners being about 5,000 feet, although depending largely upon the altitude of the clouds—deprives us almost entirely of our perspective. If we were in the pilot's cock-pit, however, and could feel the wind whistling by as we hustle through space at about a hundred miles an hour or more, we should soon realize that we are not crawling along by any means. As it is, however, comfortably seated in a large leather chair in the cozy cabin, we are oblivious of wind and air, and consequently of our enormous speed.

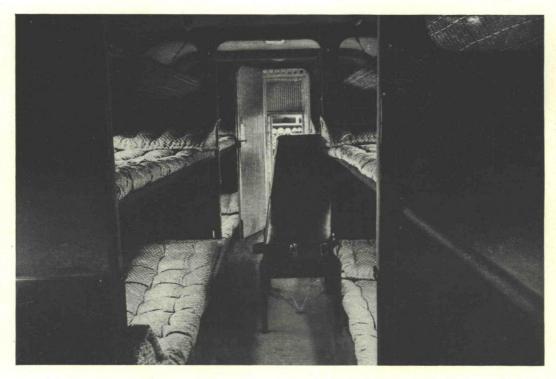
Our particular 'plane is of the 'Dornier-Comet' type, built for five passengers. For'ard, under the cock-pit, baggage is stowed, while directly aft of the cabin is also a depository for our hand luggage; the cock-pit is just for'ard of the cabin behind the engine. In the front wall of the cabin there is a small glass port-hole through which we can watch the pilot and his controls.

We fly over the great steel cities, Solingen and Remscheid, and are afforded an excellent, though, owing to the smoke, somewhat obscure, view of the works.

Passing on, we come to the internationally famous industrial and mining



TOP:—PLANE FOR REGULAR PASSENGER SERVICE
CENTRE LEFT:—COLOGNE CATHEDRAL (FROM THE AIR)
CENTRE RIGHT:—AERODROME AT NIGHT



SLEEPING BERTHS ON THE G-3



CABIN OF GERMAN AIR-HANSA PLANE

territory, the Ruhr Valley. When we think of all the bitter international feeling occasioned by this winding little stream, for such it seems to us who are used to gaze on the mighty St. Lawrence, and try to realize the untold wealth still untouched along its banks, we are filled with wonder.

On and ever onwards we hurtle, leaving the Ruhr and striking across the rolling pine and beech-wooded mountains of Westphalia, patched as they are with little plots of cultivated land. At length we see in the distance our destination, Dortmund. It grows rapidly larger, and when still quite a distance outside the city the machine begins to circle about, quickly losing altitude. Finally we come to earth in a long volplane, the engine subsiding from a deafening roar to a gentle purr. Then, when but a few feet from the ground, we again realize our tremendous speed. The earth dashes away beneath us in a green blur, until after a softsinking motion of the tail, our 'plane is wholly on the ground and we begin to lose our speed. We taxi over towards the buildings of the ærodrome, where mechanics seize our wing tips and tail, and swing us round into position in front of the main building. The motor is shut off and for a few seconds we are unable to hear, but this deafness soon passes off. "Luft-boys," as the pages are called, throw open the door and, placing their ladder, help us to alight; the uninitiated among us have a decidedly queer feeling as we find ourselves on solid ground once more, but like our deafness, it also soon passes after we have walked a short distance.

From the field our baggage is taken through the lobby of the main building to a special autobus which awaits us, to drive us to the city. After a short drive we find ourselves in the heart of the city, and we realize that our first ærial voyage is at an end.

It has not been my endeavour to give a detailed account of a modern ærial

trip in the biggest and most up-to-date of Germany's elaborate liners, but simply to convey, if possible, a general idea of my personal impressions on a comparatively short trip in one of the medium sized planes, which might lend a tinge of interest to a few words regarding up-to-date passenger flying in Germany.

There are in the world today about one hundred thousand (100,000) kilometres of air lines opened to passenger traffic. Of this total distance between sixty and seventy thousand kilometres are operated in Europe, and Germany herself is mistress of over fifty-two thousand kilometres of this total, including her own international connections, or, to put it more clearly, Germany is the individual possessor of more than half the whole world's ærial passenger mileage!

By the treaty of Versailles (November 11th, 1918), very strict limitations were placed on both her military and civil aviation. Military aviation has laid practically dormant, but in civil aviation, as our figures show, Germany is one of the foremost countries of the world.

Her pilots and mechanics are not spectacular men, but their steadiness and sense of duty, coupled with that optimism and determination to win out under the greatest difficulties, which are such characteristics of the German people, have enabled them, in the face of all difficulties, both technical and political, to place their country on the topmost rung of passenger aviation. Their planes keep their schedules with the regularity of a train, and in fact during the year 1926 the average regularity on all scheduled flights amounted to 98%!

Aerial transportation in Germany is all controlled by the "Deutsche Luft-Hansa" ("German Air Hansa"). The word "hansa" we are told means an association or guild, usually of merchants, for the purpose of trade. Hence

the "Luft-Hansa" is an association of all the smaller air companies aiming at combined and united action. This union occurred in comparatively recent times and has met with the greatest success. The two largest companies concerned were Junkers, and the German Aero Lloyd. This will account for the predominance of the Junkers type machines used by the former, and the Dornier-Comet type, used by the latter, in

German hangars.

Perhaps it would be interesting at this point to give a general description of the machines used by the Air Hansa. There are two types of Junkers 'planes: the F-13 and the G-23 types. The F-13 is a single-engined monoplane, the fuselage of which rests on the wing instead of being suspended from it; it has a seating capacity of four people, plus cock-pit for two pilots. On this 'plane as on the G-23, there is a lavatory for the convenience of passengers. large nine-seater G-23's are three-engined machines, with one engine placed in the nose and one on each wing. Otherwise it is similar in outward construction to the F-13. Interiorly, however, it differs chiefly in this respect, that when used for night flights it can be converted into a sleeper, very much like a Pullman, with accommodation for all nine pasengers.

The Dornier-Comet II is also a monoplane, with but one motor and pilot, with accommodation for four passengers. The Dornier-Wal hydroplane is a favorite for seaside resorts and other places where water landing space is easily available. It has a seating capacity of ten with two pilots, and has two engines surmounting the 'plane, al-

though the fuselage is below.

The cabins of these machines are luxuriously furnished. Leather and cloth upholstered chairs are the rule on all and are fully equal to those on any Pullman. Each passenger has his own large window and a rack on which to place any necessary articles which he

may wish to bring into the cabin with him, as can be seen in the accom-

panying illustrations.

Aviation is a very popular means of conveyance, and is used very extensively by tourists who wish to see the cities in a short time. The total stretch from London to Moscow, via Berlin, occupies only fourteen hours, while on the train more than three twenty-four hour days are spent covering the same distance. London can be reached from Berlin in seven hours; while the same stretch by boat and rail takes twenty hours. To tourists, of course, this is a great convenience; but to business men it is a tremendous asset. Its value cannot be estimated in money, but when one considers that a man can leave Berlin in the morning, transact his business in London, and be back for dinner the next day, whereas formerly it was a question of three days at least, we may realize more fully just what flying actually is doing for the world today as a time-

Yet aviation is also a great means of enjoyment. On holidays and Sundays, excursions to the seaside and other resorts are made, and business men can join their families at the beach for weekends, whereas formerly it would have been a thing unheard of and, indeed,

quite impossible.

Owing to the extensive traffic passing through them, the ærodromes themselves, by which I mean the public buildings, are of necessity as highly upto-date as possible. Sleeping accommodation, equal to that in any hotel, can be procured for those who wish to spend the night at the field, while the dining-rooms are as inviting as any in the city. A verandah or terrace is frequently provided along the front, where passengers or curious spectators may sit under awnings, sipping cold beer or lemonade and sampling various kinds of sandwiches. Most of the day's traffic is around mid-day, and the atmosphere is consequently warm. As

an example of the heavy traffic at the large ærodromes, it may be quoted that from the Tempelhof Field in Berlin, eighty 'planes leave every twenty-four hours while at the Butzweiler Hof Aerodrome in Cologne between fifty and sixty leave during the same space of time. Altogether the 'planes of the 'Luft-Hansa' covered during the year 1927 an average of 37,500 miles a day!

troller, thus enabling the Government to keep a very precise check on every 'plane in operation.

In spite of all that science has done, many people still cherish the idea that commercial flying is a most hazardous undertaking. Let their minds be set at rest! On the whole German airchain, there was only a single fatal accident to passengers recorded during

Solder non - volare neument

Solds

Guelings to all young Canadian

Flying in them into - Happy under commen

and Tail wind always.

Jarb Lymanii

for may or

Ver Schatten fürtetet, ist der Schatten wart!"

E. G. Fohr. v. Hünefeld 22. Mai.

A message from the crew of the "Bremen" when they visited Montreal

Control of the whole system is supervised by the Government. At every airport there is a control tower upon which a guard or watch is always kept. Its staff consists of a look-out and a control officer, the latter having the actual control of all departing 'planes. When the look-out man "spots" a 'plane he gives a general signal by sounding a siren, giving the mechanics time to prepare for the landing, and notifying travellers that "their 'plane is in." No 'plane may leave its hangar and ærodrome without previously receiving the "All Clear" signal from the con-

the year 1926, and I think I can safely say that the degree of safety on an airliner is quite equal to that of comfort. Statistics show that in the three most prominent European countries carrying on extensive passenger air-routes, namely, Germany, England and France, most accidents befall French 'planes; second comes England, and last, with the least number, Germany. Indeed, with very few exceptions, nearly all the accidents reported in the newspapers befall young army or naval flyers, who are as yet only learning, and who cannot be considered representative of the

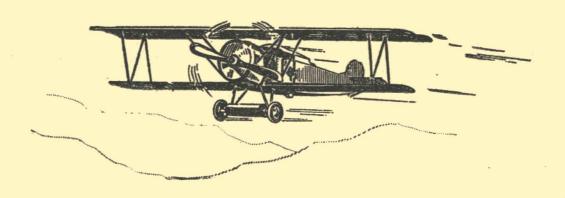
type of men piloting our luxurious liners.

Finally let me endeavour to dispel the belief that modern flying in an upto-date liner is a "big thrill." It is not! That much I know from my own extremely limited experience. Call it an intensely fascinating novelty, a most unusual, but pleasant sensation if you will, but a "big thrill" it is not. In fact I personally got much more of a thrill, cheap or otherwise, out of the roller coaster at Dominion Park. Of course, if I had had the opportunity of sitting with the pilot in his cock-pit behind the great motor, as has been the

privilege of a friend of mine, I might have an altogether different opinion. As it is, I have only the experience of a green-horn passenger, and as such, I did not think it such a "big thrill." Easy chairs aren't specially thrilling.

This article would scarcely be complete without a few words to express the deep gratitude I owe to Mr. E. Schmitz of the German Railways' Office in New York for the excellent illustrations with which he so kindly furnished me, and without which this article would scarcely be worth publishing.

HENRY M. SCHAFHAUSEN.



Introducing Our Freshman

ALTIMAS, Edmund.—Alphabetically and mentally Eddie is one of the top rungs of the Freshman ladder. He owns a very contagious smile that has the habit of appearing in 'tight' situations, completely ruining their 'tightness' thereby; and how that boy can argue!

CLOSE, Robert.—Scotch to the core (no reflections on your name, Bobby) and a violinist of some note (that is, some good ones and some bad ones), we find his personality always agreeable and pleasant.

COGAN, Kenneth.—"Red" is not only a good student but also a fine rugby player. He is contented to sit with his nonchalant, pleasing grin and listen to others talking, but when he does talk, everybody listens—and learns.

CUMMINS, Thomas.—Tom drifted into Freshman from the U.S.A., towards the end of the term, but soon won his way by his pleasant manner into the hearts of his classmates.

ELLIOTT, Walter.—His services as Secretary-Treasurer, etc., are always in great demand. He is one of the mainsprings of the *News* and *Review* mechanisms, and may it here be said that he juggles a Lacrosse stick as well as he does a pen.

GAREAU, Oliver.—Friend "Ougarrow's" (Inflection on the "OU") goodnatured grin is always on hand to brighten things up. He specializes in rugby and in creating "playlets" with the aid of Tim Slattery, much to everybody's amusement.

GATIEN, Marcel.—He is a very hard worker at all times, and consequently has achieved great success in his studies. Added to his intelligence he has a sense of humour all his own.

George Brothers' who have helped liven things up around Loyola for some time past. Full of fun and keen wit is Emmett, and how he can tackle the worries!

GEORGE, William.—"Billy," as he is widely known, is our class president and captain. He is a fine athlete and lives up to the "George" reputation for wit and popularity.

Laprease, Ellsworth.—"Breezy" always sees the funny side of things and works, as a result of that ability, to obtain good notes in examinations. He takes all comers in tennis, and consequently "Breezy" likes to settle his disputes "in court."

Lefebure, Reginald.—In the gentle art of French debating, Reggie surpasses all with an overwhelming flood of puncture-proof arguments. He will not rest from his labours until he sees Huntingdon, the scene of his childhood, among the members of the League of Nations. Good luck, Reggie!

Meagher, John.—Well versed in all points of politeness and etiquette, orator John, as posterity will know him, caused much grief when he and his "bear" rugs left us.

Mongeau, Philip.—Violinist "par excellence," "Phil" delights in rhapsodies from various "flats." He is quiet-mannered and always pleasant and gentlemanly. This manner of his has won him a distinct place in Freshman.

Mullins, Waldo.—He has kept all railway information bureaus busy for some time. The truth is that Waldo intends going to Hollywood to give friend John Gilbert a few pointers. But,

all joking aside, he is a fine all-round fellow who knows how to work as well as play.

McAlear, Maurice.—Being the pride of the College rugby and track teams, besides having a lightning shot in hockey, Mac. has an enviable record behind him. He is very popular and highly regarded by faculty and students alike.

McCoy, Hall.—A perfect student besides being a good rugby player marks Hall as a Freshman of distinction with a future ahead of him as bright as his past. Hall's quiet, easy grin wins many friends who, as they know him better, like him more and more.

McDougall, Luke.—A rare combination of intelligence, humour and vivacity help to make Luke what he is, a really fine fellow. A good skier as well (when winter comes), he has caused considerable fluttering in the hearts of the fair sex.

MacKinnon, John.—He is vice-president of the Forum Debating Society, which speaks well for his oratorical ability. 'Jack' usually manages to saunter in about ten after nine in the mornings. Therefore it is with more truth than fiction that his grandchildren will refer to him as 'the Late Mr. MacKinnon.'

McManamy, Eugene.—"Gene" is the pride of the Canadian army as a Sergeant in the C.O.T.C. He is an allround fellow and it is rumoured that Arrow collars have been seeking his contract. Would you call that a good sign?

McQuillan, William.—"Bill" is one of the most popular fellows in Freshman. Appreciative of good humour, he is an ardent admirer of Dickens, and at all times good company. He is well worth knowing, boys!

O'Brien, Andrew.—"Andy" registered as a Freshman after completing his High School course at Catholic High. As pleasing a personality and as cheery a disposition is seldom met with anywhere. Andy's services as goalie of the Fresh. hockey sextette, together with his line-plunging on the class rugby squad marks him as an athlete of note.

RINFRET, William.—One of the attractions in Freshman and conversant with all subjects, he concerns himself mainly with the development of the automobile industry. William has great fluency of speech and a keen appreciation of beauty.

Sampson, Gerard.—Gloom never settles on 'Gerry's' sunny soul. His motto is 'Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and proceed lakewards with it.' He devours Greek in large portions, and in all other studies he may be found either at or near the top of the list.

SLATTERY, Timothy.—His eventful career has covered a wide scope of activities. Actor to perfection, student with discretion, and cartoonist (with an interjection), his agile pen has flitted with pleasing result through the Review. Tim started a mutiny in the ranks of the C.O.T.C. once, as a diversion, but the uprising was suppressed.

Snow, Angus.—Of reai Indian descent, he possesses all the stoicism of his race. Angus has won distinction as a debater in Caughnawaga, and at Loyola those who know the inner Angus regard him with nothing but the highest respect.

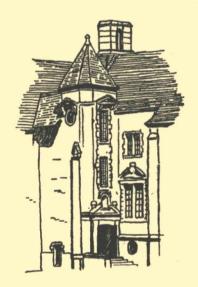
STANFORD, Maurice.—"Moe" simply bubbles over with good humour. His slow drawling method of emitting witticisms at the right time has caused many hearty chuckles. He figures things out in his own quiet way, and is at all times good company.

STARR, Frank.—Cool and steady under fire, Frank is immune to excitement. He is at the head of the class by position, and verily it may be said that we are all behind him. Added to this he has a quaint sense of humour—and who said something about rugby?

Toole, James.—"James" hails from Catholic High School. He has a funloving and generous disposition which makes him liked by his classmates. He carries with him at all times a vestpocket edition of the Telephone Directory—why? I do not know, except perhaps that Jim realizes that "it is not good for man to be alone."

Walsh, Mark.—And now we come to Mark. Good old Mark's captivating smile appears before me and my pen refuses him anything but praise. His good nature never seems to fade and our worst jests merely bounce off his cheerful grin.

FRESHMAN.



A Gentleman of Vagabondia



T is fully forty years now since the world first heard from Francis Thompson. He was quite willing that we should hear sooner, but heartless editors were not to be won over, and it

was only in 1888 that a literary journal edited by Wilfred Meynell published his "Dream Tryst," a poem arresting enough to arouse some curiosity as to its author's identity. Some time elapsed before anyone learned that the poet was a ragged creature hawking matches for his existence on the streets of London.

Francis Thompson is not the only literary vagabond now enjoying a seat in the Hall of Fame. In fact, if we are to believe the author of "The Dunciad," all writers, particularly poets, are vagabonds, without exception, whatever their circumstances may be. Thompson falls into a class with his French neighbours, Villon and Verlaine, in the sense that they were tramps by their own election, and not to the manner born. To class our poet with these two irresponsibles in the moral sense, however, were an unforgivable libel. There are lower things than the pavement to which he was reduced; there is the gutter-some-thing, very much lower—Thompson never descended to that.

Francis Thompson, most distinctive Catholic poet of modern times, was born in the city of Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1859. His father was a prosperous physician in that town and a recent convert to the Catholic faith.

One writer refers to the doctor's very unprofessional habit of baptizing the infants he ushered into the world, and adds, presumably by way of epigram, that, 'later the son was to be reproached with his inability to keep theology out of the compass of his art.' And so it was; Eton could have given him his Latin, but his Liturgy, learnt at Ushaw, was of more importance. Thompson's singing gown was a vestment, and he learned its fashioning at college.

Thompson spent his youth at Ushaw; his father wished him to become a priest. Apparently he had no vocation and professors deplored the boy's 'intolerable shyness and indolence.'

Leaving Ushaw at eighteen, he spent a further six years taking medical lectures at Owen's College in Manchester. The doctor in him was even less evident than the priest; the six years were utterly wasted for he never took his degree. Owen's College now boasts a tablet to the poet's memory. The lines inscribed are some of the most beautiful he has written; they have no relation to the science of medicine. They are the following from the 'Ode to the Setting Sun':

"What so looks lovely
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain.
Why have we longings of immortal pain
And all we long for mortal? Woe is me
And all our chants but chaplet some decay
As mine this vanishing—nay, vanished day."

It was in those early medical days that Thompson came under the spell of De Quincey, the Opium Eater, and whether from motives of curiosity or not, began a furtive indulgence in the drug habit himself. The famous "Confessions" of De Quincey are said to have been given to him by his mother—something of a litterateur herself. "A more deplorable gift," says Eugene Masson, "was never made by mother to son.

Had its issue been foreseen, she would have cut off her right hand rather than

proffer it.'

It was then as a result of this habit that, at the age of twenty-six, he drifted blindly down to the Metropolis, the goal of all literary aspirants. He came, as he said, "to seek, not a fortune, but

the right to exist."

And then, for almost three years, "there was enacted beneath the astonished stars a tragedy of the London streets. A gentleman, a scholar, a shrinking soul, a poet of genius was in turn a bookseller's hack, a bootblack, a hawker of matches. If any calling he had, it was literally a calling of cabs."

In later days he was not wont to exploit the knowledge absorbed in these times; yet when he spoke his words were fraught with bitter experience. "Sister Songs" contain passages that are painfully empirical. It is there that he tells us of his "brave, sad, lovingest tender thing!", the poor girl of the streets who, out of all the world around, alone befriended him. Her plight stands out in heartrending contrast with that of the sheltered darling to whom the poet is singing:

"Like thee, Sylvia, a spring flower; but a flower Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring, And through the city streets blow withering She passed,—O brave, sad, lovingest tender thing!

And of her own scant pittance did she give
That I might eat and live
Then fled a swift and trackless fugitive."

In after times he maintained an everfruitless search for his benefactress. She lives henceforth in his verse, famous and nameless.

In 1888, with the acceptance of "Dream Tryst," came the change which at first he was loath to accept, so inured had he become to his life of vagabondage. Providence had sent him two redeemers in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Meynell. Their first interview is memorable. It was a ragged, unshaven, almost bootless creature, a very genius

of penury that presented himself with much trepidation before them. Yet when he opened his mouth, the scholar spoke; and beneath the rags was a nature sensitive to a point, ready at the least provocation to sink back into the urban mælstrom.

All gratitude to Wilfred and Alice Meynell! Lovers of Thompson hold for them a devotion somewhat akin to the poet's. The testimony of his regard is to be found in his letters and poems. One notes the progress of intimacy from the first days of reclamation, when all he can muster is a letter of timid, hopeless gratitude to the later days of easeful understanding and steel-bound friendship.

Those early days too were a time of

ordeal, when he felt

"Like one who sweats before a despot's gate, Summoned by some presaging scroll of fate And knows not whether kiss or dagger wait."

... so uncertain a thing was the future. At the same time he was manfully fighting his craving for the drug; and out of the pains of abstinence there sprang the fountain of his splendid song.

In 1890 was written "The Daisy," the immediate lust of anthologists everywhere; "The Poppy," in which he laments the cause of all his woes, but with a prophecy:

"I hang 'mid men my needless head And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread: The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper Time shall reap, but after the reaper The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper."

His "Ode to the Setting Sun" is of this year too, written at Storrington, and rivalling his "Hound of Heaven." It was the clarion that announced the new bard. The "Ode" is the latest and greatest thing of its kind in the language. Never before or since has the Sun been hymned in so exalted a strain. The wealth of imagery almost pains the sense.

The following year, 1891, was even more fruitful. In a torrent of inspiration

were written his "Sister Songs" and "The Hound of Heaven," followed by the monumental "Essay on Shelley." "The Hound of Heaven" had an electrifying sale of fifty thousand copies; no mystical poem had so moved the masses since Rosetti's "Blessed Damosel" of 1850. For the observer there is a curious contrast between the two authors; Rosetti, staunchly Anglican, though his Italian forebears might turn in their Catholic tombs; and Thompson, intensely Catholic, though a bare generation's remove from the High Church.

The "Essay on Shelley" suffered an obscurity of fifteen years until its post-humous discovery in 1907, when all London rang with it. Never was genius so prodigal in one year since 1819, when Shelley gave the world his "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci."

The first volume of Thompson's "Poems" came out in 1893. Public curiosity had been skilfully aroused beforehand, we are told, by the story of the author's stricken life. It is no argument against the poet's merits that these methods were used; a sensation-loving public was justly lured with its proper bait.

Of course he had his critics. His too riotous imagery was one source of offence. "Really he takes too many liberties with this old Earth of ours," said one. Another deplored "the sacerdotal and turgid Latinisms" in which he was threatening to engulf the language. Such comments usually stimulate success by arousing further curiosity.

"Sister Songs," though written in 1891, came out only in 1894. Those who have conventional ideas as to how poets should compose will be somewhat startled to learn that "Sister Songs," his best lyrics, were written on a Hyde Park bench, in a penny exercise-book, with the drone of London traffic for symphony.

But the "Sister Songs" of 1894 and the "New Poems" of 1902 were only for the few, and long before the latter date the poet had ceased to depend upon his poems and had turned to journalism for his bread.

Those were the years in which, "he familiarized long-suffering editors with those habits of procrastination and delay which had marked him from youth; their only consolation was the knowledge that in the end they would receive work which none but he was competent to give." The old drug habit had long since reclaimed its victim; and the result was a life lived painfully alone. The remorse which had spoken in his earlier poems had now given way to silent submission.

"Like Coleridge, who, voluble on all else, kept absolute silence on the subject of his vice, he never mentioned his practice even to his dearest friends. The habit was the ruin of friendship and family ties, rendering its victim more helpless in the everyday affairs of life than even nature intended him to be. It necessitated the dreary round of second-rate lodging-houses constituting his only home. Thompson went his way uncomplainingly; he practised as well as preached his doctrine of renunciation.

He was always in light marching order to obey the summons whenever it should come; never was there a man who carried fewer of the impedimenta of life about with him. There are few allusions in his poetry to the painful circumstances of his life; yet these circumstances darken the whole of his poetry as they sadden his outlook on man; they colour all he wrote."

"For ever the songs I sing are sad with the songs I never sing;

Sad are sung songs, but more sad the songs We dare not sing."

Always there is the redeeming devotion to his benefactors, the Meynells. He immortalized them in song and held it an all too inadequate return. In "Sister Songs" and "Poppy" are celebrated the little daughters he so tender-

ly loved.

In the famous lines "Her Portrait," it is Mrs. Meynell who is the subject, and "never was woman so divinely sung." George Meredith commends the closing lines:

"Upon the heavy blossom of her lips Hangs the bee musing; nigh her lids eclipse Each half-occulted star beneath that lies; And in contemplation of those eyes, Passionless passion, wild tranquilities."

To Wilfred, her husband, his "Father, Brother, Friend," he swears allegiance

til the very end of end.

Of the man himself little remains to be said beyond giving an account of his last days. His health had long since been undermined; he was persuaded to spend the autumn of 1907 in Sussex, but he returned weaker than when he went. Everard Meynell tells us of this sad return: "My father seeing him on his return said to him, 'Francis, you are ill.' 'Yes, Wilfred,' he answered, 'I am more ill than you can think!—and then spoke a word from which both had re-

frained for ten years, 'I am dying from laudanum poisoning.'

He passed away at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, on November the 13th, 1907, fortified by all the rites of his Catholic Faith. Oddly enough, his death hour was that of which he had sung, so long ago, in "Dream Tryst," the hour of dawn,

"When souls go palely up the sky, And mine to Lucidé."

There were not wanting at his grave remembrances from those who had loved the man and appreciated his genius in his days here on earth. Wilfred Meynell, his friend of friends, wrote this touching tribute: "Devoted friends lament him, no less for himself than for his singing. But let none be named the benefactor of him who gave to all more than anyone could give to him. He made all men his debtors, leaving to those who loved him the memory of his personality, and to English poetry an imperishable name."

STEPHEN McGuinness, '29.

Sunrise

Beside a tranquil lake I stood to view

The king of day arise in splendour bright;

The shadows faded from waking woods

To sleep, 'till called by night.

The scent of violets rose from velvet moss,

A silent stag sped swiftly through the brake,

A lonesome hawk hung heedless in the sky,

To watch the morn awake.

К. Scott, '32.

Psychology



LACKIE won the championship for Sheffield College, but since Blackie was the only one who knew it, he kept it to himself, for fear of being laughed at. If you had asked anyone at Shef-

field, who won the trophy for that little institution, they would have told you that Taxi Morgan galloped fifty-five yards for the needed touch; and if you had even queried further, and had questioned Taxi himself, he would have sheepishly replied, "I done it." Taxi was never very good at Grammar.

Sheffield is a little place in a little town, boasting only five hundred students; and so when its maroon-clad warriors battled their way through to the finals, the enthusiasm aroused was almost fanatical. Everyone talked, thought, and even dreamed of football.

Since the football team and Taxi Morgan are almost synonymous, perhaps I had better give you an insight into this college idol. Morgan weighed exactly one hundred and eighty-five pounds; he was a six-footer, marvellously fast for a man of his bulk, and rather good-looking. But mentally Taxi was a failure. Even his own mother wouldn't have called him a genius, and as for the masters,—well, they called him almost anything but that. His head was like marble; it took a long time to get an idea imprinted there, but once it was there, Father Time had a hard job effacing it.

Blackie Tremayne was a strange contrast to this Hercules. In his socks, he towered to the imposing height of five feet, five inches; he wore a size-twelve-and-a-half collar, and was never seen without a pair of steel-rimmed spec-

tacles perched on his rather prominent nose. But Blackie was bright, even though his brilliance never brought him out into the lime-light. He fairly reveled in poetry and psychology, and was the "bête noire" of the science masters.

Perhaps it would seem rather odd that these two fellows should feel a mutual attraction at their first meeting, but I suppose that it's another instance of two, not of a kind, found to agree. But, whatever the reason, throughout the three years that they had spent at Sheffield they had roomed together, and had formed a regular Damon and Pythias duet. Everything was sunshine and roses till that year, when Sheffield won her way into the rugby finals.

The only thing that Taxi did really well was play football. What he didn't know about the great autumn game wasn't in the book of instructions. His kicking, running, bucking, and catching were features of every game, and his splendid work was the real factor in Sheffield's long series of victories that culminated in her entering the final play-offs for the Cup, with Lowden University.

Well, the trouble started two days before the last scheduled game with a one-horse place called Westdale. The result, whichever way it might go, would not affect Sheffield's entering the play-off, and anyway reporters had it that the Maroon team would swamp their opponents by about thirty points.

Two days before this little formality, Taxi picked up a volume of Francis Thompson's works he found in his room, and before retiring he had read it from cover to cover. The next day he skipped a lecture to read Shakespeare, and missed a practice to go through a little of Ben Jonson.

Well, I won't give a detailed account of the game with Westdale. Suffice it to say that the Maroons came out on the long end of a 6-5 score, and it was only by the merest fluke that the despised Westdale team didn't take the victory. Morgan played the whole game like one in a trance, and after the tussle, when the boys were in the dressing room, he meandered over to the coach, a hard-bitten ex-pro., and asked him what he thought of Samson Agonistes. They had to throw cold water in the mentor's face to revive him.

During the ensuing week, Taxi attended one practice, and even then he was always asking someone for a word to rhyme with "silly," and was in general more of a nuisance than anything else. He slowed up every play and gummed up the whole machine. The school was in the depths of dismay, as every day the hopes of capturing the championship sank lower and lower, and at last seemed to dwindle totally away.

In vain did Tremayne storm and forbid Taxi to touch one of his books. He even tried running down his beloved authors, but this only aroused a sullen anger in Morgan's inspired breast. "Listen," he would say, "Can you do as good? No? Then keep quiet." When the frantic Blackie persisted in applying opprobrious epithets to the poets, Taxi assured him that it was only because of his diminutive proportions, that he (Taxi) refrained from "flattening him." "And," he added, "I'll bet if Milton hadn't been blind, he would have been a first-class drop-kicker."

At last the day of the great game arrived, and everybody's spirits were below zero, as the red team was conceded very little chance of carting off the silverware. Of course, Morgan was starting off at halfback, as no one would ever think of sending a Sheffield team on the grid-iron without the touchdown-making Taxi on the line-up. But the coach solemnly vowed that at the

first fumble, off Morgan would come, and Dan O'Toole kept his word.

When Morgan and the Lowden captain met for the toss, Taxi asked him what he thought of the relative merits of the iambic and the anapestic measures; and when Sheffield lost on the flip of the coin, he murmured a line about the fortunes of war. Well, on his first play Taxi muffed the ball, and a blue-clad figure nipped in, scooped up the pigskin, and raced for a touch. They failed to convert, and Lowden was well on its way to a championship with a five-point lead in the first minute of the game. At half-time the score stood the same, and though the Sheffield gridders were holding together well, they lacked the scoring punch which Taxi's play put into the team. Morgan didn't go into the dressing-room, but stopped on the bench to engage in a lively conversation on the Elizabethan drama with the English Master. Gloomy silence, stark and grim, settled on the Sheffield stands.

Enter Tremayne, super-psychologist.

But it was in the meantime that Blackie was playing his part of the game; the part that won the championship for Sheffield. Super-psychologist as he was, he had wended his way to the Lowden dressing-room, and was waiting there for the jubilant blue team to appear. When the exultant warriors emerged at last, he plucked the skipper by the sleeve, and drew him aside. "Remember that big boob that fumbled the ball at the beginning of the game?" he said, "Well he's the star of the whole Sheffield eleven. That muff was only a fluke, they're saving him for a winning spurt near the end. He's the biggest bully around this place, and besides I've got all my money on Lowden; so I don't entertain any amicable feelings towards him. If you want to get him rattled, just as soon as he comes on tell him that he's as blind as Milton, and twice as dumb. He fancies himself a budding poet, you know, and a remark

like that always gets his goat." "Right, Buddie," answered the little boy-blue, "Watch me."

Along toward the end of the third stanza, Morgan's sub was hard hit, and about the only thing to do was to send Taxi in. With a beatific smile on his placid countenance, the lethargic Taxi trotted out to his place. It was Lowden's ball on the third down, and the quarter called a kick. Taxi and Billy Evans were back to receive it as it came out of the ruck in a beautiful arc, the kind easily caught even on the run; yet the inimitable Taxi looked up, muttered something about the azure blue, and stumbled forward clumsily, as the leather dropped in the grass, a full yard behind him. Billy scooped it up, and started to run, but he was grassed by the Lowden skipper, before he could hit his stride. As they formed up this lad passed Taxi, and whispered in his ear: 'You big egg, Baby Milton, you're as blind and as dumb as the original." Then the whistle blew to signal the players to cross over.

Taxi trudged to the opposite side of the field, then he turned to the quarter, who was right behind him, and spluttered fiercely, "Did you hear what he said? Called Milton a dumbbell, he did! If I hadn't been so surprised, I'd have flattened him! Gimme a fake end run, just to show that fellow what a poet can do.' The quarter stared; Taxi was the victory-compelling Taxi of yore.

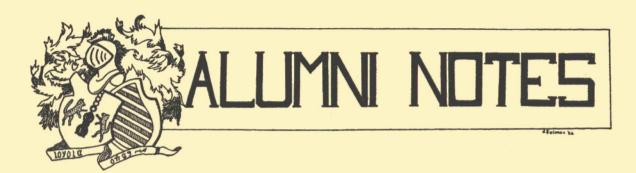
We won't bother about the details of that last quarter; Sheffield won 6-5, on Taxi's touch, which he converted himself; and the play ended with the ball on Lowden's five-yard line. The papers were filled with eulogistic accounts of Taxi's marvellous play, and again he was the demi-god of the College.

When Blackie entered the room that night, he found Morgan sprawled in an arm-chair, engrossed in the pages of a dime detective story. "What's the matter with poetry?" he asked innocently. Taxi looked up, and smiled lazily, "Poets are born, not made," he observed. "Yes," added Blackie, "Take up psychology as a hobby, it's great."

How did I find this out if Blackie never told anyone? Well I think I ought to know; my name is Tremayne, and I'm sometimes called Blackie.

Ed. Sheridan.







O have a strong Alumni organization we must have union; this union can be effectively fostered and increased by the issuing of an annual paper of each individual class, which will hold

together its far-separated members. We must congratulate the Class of '23 and '27 respectively on their issues: the 'Pick' and L27. We are indeed very much indebted to these papers, and only hope that their initiative will be followed by other classes.

Consequently to all the old Boys we would say, "Let your organization be an active organization: let it have some spirit to it and then with heads high and hearts beating proudly you will not have to say, 'Be Loyal to Loyola', but 'Always Loyal to Loyola'.'' We earnestly request all Alumni to drop a card announcing any change in their address and also occasionally to send any information of any former Loyola Student. It is our firm desire to give as complete information as possible about the Alumni and, consequently, we wish to thank all those who have in any way contributed to the items printed below.

Of the class of '08 whose twentieth anniversary occurs this year we have obtained the following news: George Crowe, one of Loyola's former athletes, in a recent letter from his home in Nogales, Arizona, states that his

son, George, Jr., is a prospective student of Loyola. Augustine Downes is practising his profession as Civil Engineer in the city, and resides at 3985 Laval Avenue. Walter A. J. Merrill is a K.C. and is second partner in Duff & Merrill. Rev. Walter McManus, S.J., is on the staff of Campion College, Regina. J. C. B. Walsh is a Notary in Montreal, with his office in the Royal Bank Building. MICHAEL T. BURKE has his law office at 120 St. James Street, Montreal. Those members of the class of '08 who have passed to their eternal reward are Quigg Baxter, Foster Ma-LONE, DONALD O'BRIEN, SARGENT Owens, Severin Page, and Theophilus VIAU. May their souls rest in peace!

'04.—WM. J. KAINE is an M.D. in Battleboro, Vermont. John Dickinson is at present General Manager of the O'Brien Mines.

'05.—Leo Burns, ex. '05, is at present in Toronto where he is engaged in the Railroad Construction business.

'06.—LT.-COL. G. P. VANIER has been appointed Canada's representative on the permanent advisory commission on naval, military, and ærial questions at the League of Nations. Lt.-Col. Vanier recently sailed for Geneva where he will now reside. John C. Regan has been named Vice-President of the Jewel Tea Co. of Chicago.

'07.—John Davis is Grand Knight of the Winnipeg Council of the Knights of Columbus.

'10.—Congratulations are extended to D. A. McDonald who was married to Miss Bertrand during the course of the year.

'11.—REV. JAS. FLOOD has recently been appointed Pastor of the newly formed Rosemount Parish, Montreal.

'13.—Congratulations to EMERY PHANEUF who was recently named a K.C. RALPH FARRELL has been appointed Vice-President of the United States Steel Co.

'16.—Congratulations to John King on his marriage to Miss Sarah Meekle, and to John Kearney, recently elected President of the Junior Bar Association.

'18.—F. McAllister, ex. '18, is chief Chemist for the Kraft Cheese Co., Philadelphia. Rodolphe Bernard was recently elected councillor of the Junior Bar Association.

'19.—WILFRED NOONAN is now an M.D. Dr. Norman Petersen, ex. '19, has opened an office on Hutchison Street.

'20.—JACQUES SENECAL was this spring appointed a councillor of the Junior Bar Association.

'21.—Congratulations are extended to PAUL WICKHAM on his engagement to Miss Vega.

'22.—Congratulations are offered to William McVey who was married to Miss Marion Smith on February 11th. He is now partner with his brother in McVey Bros. Coal Co., Montreal.

'23.—Last June, DAVID McDonald was raised to the priesthood. He is at present curate of Holy Family Parish, Montreal. RAY WAYLAND is graduating in engineering this year at a New York State College. Gerald Anglin is in his Juniorate at the Basilian Novitiate

in Toronto. Lester Shiels is principal of the High School at Chapleau, Ont.; he was married on December 15th to Miss Vera Chrichton, of Chapleau. THOMAS WALSH, S.J., is stationed at the Indian Industrial School, Spanish, Ont. Gerald Gleeson is connected with the C.P.R. Frank Boyle, S.J., is pursuing his Philosophical studies at the Immaculate Conception, Montreal. Hec-TOR DECARY is now a notary, practising in the firm of Decary, Barlow and Joron. JEAN CASGRAIN is still studying Law at Oxford, England. ANTHONY DESLAURI-ERS, S.J., is in Spokane, Wash., studying Philosophy. Congratulations to Dr. ROGER MACMAHON, who was recently presented with a medal awarded for an essay on Cysts. Roger is at present taking a post-graduate course at Mc-

24.—EDMUND BRANNEN, after studying Law for two years at McGill and one year at University of Montreal, has gone to New York and is employed in the legal department of one of the large Trust Companies. Gordon Car-ROLL is completing his course in Theology at Montreal Seminary and will be ordained this Spring. PAUL CASEY is completing his Law Course at McGill this May. PAUL CUDDIHY will graduate in Law from U. of M. this May. Morris Davis is with a Stock Brokerage Co. in the city. ALEX. GRANT is in third year Science at McGill. EARL LESAGE is in third year Medicine at McGill. PAUL LEVESQUE is working with his brother in the promotion of Automobile Shows. JIM MALONEY is at Osgoode Hall and will graduate this Spring. LEO SKELLY is employed in the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal.

Ex '24.—Congratulations to Ken-NETH SMITH on his marriage to Miss Slater.

'25.—Basil Cuddiny is studying Medicine at McGill and was a short while ago elected by acclamation treasurer of

the McGill Medical Society. Al. Kennedy is in second year Law at Osgoode Hall and this year had the distinction of being the first Old Boy to return to his Alma Mater as a member of an opposing Debating Team. Eddie Anglin and Cuthbert Scott are graduating in Law from Osgoode this June. George Mill is in second year Science at Queen's. At McGill the class is represented by G. Altimas in third year Medicine and by Art. Laverty who this year will obtain his B.C.L.

'26.—Eustaquio Escandon is in Belgium, where he is studying Finance. Pedro Suinaga is studying Law at the National University of Mexico. Wm. Bourgeois is working for the Bell Telephone. Robert Choquette has gained further fame as an author and poet since he left Loyola and only recently published his second book. George Daly has taken business as his life's career, and is now in the firm of Daly and Morin. ALBERT FREGEAU has entered the Overall business in Rock Island. The class is represented at Mc-Gill by Beaudoin Handfield of second year Law, Maurice Farquail of second year Science, John Heusner and Gor-DON LYNCH of first year Medicine, Fred. Manley and Desmond Mulvena of first year Law, and by PERCY ROBERT who this year will obtain his M.A. in Sociology. Francis McNally is employed by the Gatineau Power Co. of Chelsea, Que. Archie MacDonald is employed by the Retail Credit Co. of Montreal. Napoleon Mayrand is in second year Law at U. of M. Chas. MILL is our only representative at Laval where he is in second year Law.

'27.—Moore Bannon is working for the Retail Credit Co., Montreal. Lawrence Bartley is engaged in an Insurance Co. in Seattle, Wash. Ed. Cannon is studying Law at Laval. Adrian Anglin is in second year Medicine at Varsity. Manuel Escandon is studying Chemistry at the Massachusetts Insti-

tute of Technology. Kenneth Mc-Ardle is employed at Arvida where he has attained great success in the publication of a local paper, the "Arvidian." Raymond Harpin is studying Medicine at Boston University. Jack McCaffrey is working at Arvida. Jos. McCrea is employed at the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal. Norman Smith is with Daly and Morin and is at present travelling through Western Canada. Rolland Lafleur, Jules Masse and Norman Saylor are studying Medicine at McGill.

Ex '28.—Gordon Lynch will graduate from Boston College in Arts this year. Bill Lacey is pursuing his Medical studies at McGill. Jim Daly is taking an Arts' Course at Notre Dame University. Art Pickering is employed in a shoe firm in Boston, Mass. Bill Power is president of the Lake St. Joseph Lumber Co., Quebec City. Marcel Darche is in the Construction business in Newark, N.J.

Ex '29.—Francis Bradshaw is studying at Mount St. Mary's College, Chesterfield, England. BILL BRITT is now with P. S. Ross & Co., Chartered Accountants. Hugh McDougald is taking an Arts' Course at St. Francis-Xavier's, Antigonish, N.S. RONALD CURRIE is in the Medical Course at McGill. HULLET DESBARATS is a third year Arts' man at McGill. "RED" O'CONNOR is second Vice-President of Laura Secord Candy Co. of Canada. Philip Sullivan, S.J., is at the Jesuit Novitiate, Poughkeepsie, GEORGE DEIGNAN is studying Philosophy at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Fred. Elliott, Greg. Lon-ERGAN and JOHN MASTERSON recently pronounced their vows in the Society of Jesus, at Guelph, Ont. Pierce Decary has returned from Paris, France, and is at present in a brokerage office in the city.

Ex '30.—Mike O'Donnell has entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Guelph, Ont.

Ex '31.—L. Vachon is attending Loyola College, Los Angeles, Cal. M. Hawkins and P. McHardy have entered St. Stanislaus Novitiate at Guelph, Ont. Thos. Gauthier is pursuing his studies at Queen's. John Balfe is at present at Niagara Falls. Luis Sanchez is taking his Arts' course at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Of the Loyola Staff of former years, Fr. Jos. Fallon and Fr. Christopher Keating were ordained last summer. Rev. W. X. Bryan, because of ill health, was obliged to leave Loyola

and go South. According to the latest reports Fr. Bryan's health has greatly improved and we may expect him back at Loyola in the near future. Fr. Monaghan and Fr. Breslin are making their tertianship at Paray-le-Monial, France. Fr. Kennedy and Fr. Holland are also making their tertianship at St. Beuno's College, Wales. Mr. Francis Smith, S.J., a former student and professor, will be ordained during the coming summer.

CLAYTON ROLFE, '28.



Gleanings from the News



O attempt to chronicle the outstanding features of the year at Loyola would be successful without reference to Loyola's weekly News. Since the first publication of the News we have found it

most convenient to refer to it for those events which may be of interest to all our readers and which may serve the students as reminders in future years of their College days. In passing we must not omit to say a word of appreciation of the Loyola News; the News was incorporated in the fall of 1925, and since then has served as an organ of general interest; although its size has not inincreased, it is hoped that an increase in size as well as a greater circulation will be made possible next year.

The chronicle of Loyola's activities would not be complete unless mention were made of two events which brought the year 1926-27 to a close. So successful had been the garden party in 1926, that those in charge deemed it wise to hold it on two days in 1927. In spite of the unfavourable weather of the second day, the results were very satisfactory, and every credit is due to the ladies in charge as well as to our friends who so faithfully supported this good cause. On June 5th, an open-air Pontifical Mass had been planned; but, owing to the bad weather, it was celebrated in the Stadium, which had been fittingly decorated for the occasion. This Mass was celebrated in honour of the bi-centenary of the canonization of St. Aloysius, and as a thanksgiving for the blessings our country has received since Confederation. The celebrant was His Lordship Bishop Couturier of Alexandria, Ont.,

and the sermon was preached by Captain the Rev. W. L. Murray, M.C. The impressiveness of the event was enhanced by the presence of General King, G.-O.C., of Military District No. 4, Colonel Chassé, and many other officers accompanied by representatives of their detachments. A special word of thanks is extended to all those who in any way helped on this occasion.

On September 28th, the retreats began. The College retreat was preached by Rev. Thomas J. Lally, S.J., while that of the High School was preached by Rev. Denis J. Mulcahey, S.J.

On October 22nd, Loyola won the Intermediate Inter-Collegiate Provincial Championship by default of University of Montreal. Throughout the series Loyola lost only one game, conceding this victory to McGill. In view of this championship, Loyola met Royal Military College, and for the first time in the annals of Intercollegiate Rugby at the College, our team was victorious over R.M.C., and thus entered the finals for the Dominion Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship.

On November 12th, after a most brilliant and satisfactory season in which the team covered itself with glory, Loyola Intermediates lost the final championship game to Western University, 6-o. This game was the culmination of the Rugby career of several Loyola students who will graduate this year. Among these are Edwin Lanthier, Harold McCarrey, John Cum-

mins and Gilbert Tynan.

Following a time-honoured custom, the Senior and Junior Philosophers gave a concert on November 24th, the eve of the Feast of St. Catherine, Patroness of Philosophy. The programme consisted of a poem by Lewis Phelan, an essay by John Sheridan, and a novel act by John Cummins and Wilfred Dolan. This was followed by a cinema film presented through the kindness of Mr. Braceland.

The traditional observance of the 8th of December, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was made in a beautiful and fitting manner by the Sodalists. A very inspiring sermon was delivered by Rev. Fr. Féré, S.J., after which the customary banquet and evening's entertainment took place. The entertainment consisted of a poem by John Cummins and papers by Gilbert Tynan and Quinn Shaughnessy; this was followed by a cinema film presented by Mr. Braceland.

On December 13th, Loyola was honoured by a formal visit of Canada's new Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency Archbishop Andrew Cassulo, accompanied by his secretary, Msgr. Bearzotti, and his Lordship Bishop Deschamps. After an official address of welcome by Rev. Fr. Rector, an Academic reception was tendered him by the Students. As a parting evidence of his pleasure at the reception tendered him, Msgr. Cassulo granted an extension of two days to the Christmas holidays.

On December 22nd, the Dramatic Society, under the coaching of Mr. Daly, S.J., and Mr. MacNeil, S.J., achieved a triumph in its presentation of "Officer 666." Great credit and sincere thanks are due to the organizers, the actors and all connected with the entertainment.

Loyola was again successful this year in reaching the semi-finals in Intercollegiate Debating. Her representatives, Lewis Phelan, John Sheridan, Edward LaPierre and Quinn Shaughnessy, demonstrated in the various debates the type of orators Loyola is capable of producing. In the final debate Loyola lost by a very few points to Osgoode Hall, one of whose representatives was a former Loyola student. Similarly Wilfred Dolan and Jack Whitelaw were victorious in their debate against two speakers from the Knights of Columbus Forum.

On February 25th, the Loyola hockey sextette succeeded in defeating Royal Military College, and thus won the Eastern Championship Title in hockey. However, on March 13th, Loyola went down to defeat at the hands of Toronto Varsity, and so lost the Dominion Championship. In spite of the loss, this has been the most successful year in the history of our hockey, and no doubt much credit is due to our able and efficient coach, Mr. Paul Noble, as well as to all others who in any way assisted our team.

Among the many visitors whom the College entertained during the course of the Scholastic year we may mention: His Excellency Archbishop Andrew Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland; Msgr. Bearzotti, secretary to His Excellency; His Lordship Bishop Deschamps; Rev. Canon Cavanagh of Almonte, Ont.; Rev. Wm. McGrath, Editor of the China magazine; Rev. F. X. Talbot, S.J., Editor of "America"; Rev. J. McClorey, S.J., of Detroit; Rev. Joseph McDonald, S.J., Rector of St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph, Ont.; Rev. John Knox, S.J.; Rev. W. Hingston, S.J.; Rev. J. I. Bergin, S.J.; Rev. G. Féré, S.J.; Rev. Fr. Filion, of the White Fathers; Dr. Lappin, of Buffalo.

CLAYTON ROLFE, '28...



Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service



HE Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service, which has just completed the tenth year of its existence, has passed well beyond the experimental stage in the work of training young men

and women for social service.

A glance at the contribution made by its graduates to the betterment of social conditions in the communities that have claimed their services, reveals an amount of interesting and valuable performance surpassing the most sanguine expectations of the organizers of the School, though not outrunning the ambitious programme of potential achievement held up as the aim and scope to be kept in view in entering the vast field of Catholic Social Service.

The history of the School since foundation reveals the fact that, as in all other educational enterprises, unimagined obstacles and set-backs have been encountered, calling for courage, patience, and laborious perseverance on the part of all concerned in its success. Being profoundly convinced of the necessity to maintain the only Catholic Training-School for English-speaking Social Workers in Canada, the Reverend Dean and Faculty are leaving no stone unturned to place the institution on a solid and permanent basis.

An appeal to the Provincial Government for aid brought out the fact that a grant for Secondary Education could be made only through the University, hence it became necessary to define more clearly the connection between the two institutions.

By special arrangement with Montreal University, beginning in January, 1927, the privilege of free space for lectures in all the courses was granted to the School, as well as some financial assistance, which, though not sufficient to cover the running expenses, has enabled the Faculty to carry on the work under peculiar difficulties. The generous voluntary service of the Reverend Professors of Loyola College, and of some of the other lecturers, has also helped materially to reduce the operating costs. An annual contribution of Fifty Dollars from the Margaret Hingston Chapter, I.O.D.E., is a much-appreciated gift.

Because some of the most promising pupils come from the ranks of self-supporting young men and women, such as teachers, nurses, stenographers, and others engaged in clerical work, it has been found expedient, as in former years, to hold the lectures, with the exception of one course, in the evenings. Two are given every Monday and Wednesday, the first beginning at 7.45 p.m., the second at 8.45 p.m.

The order of lectures, ten in each course, was as follows: Autumn Session—October to Christmas: Mondays: Mental Hygiene, Dr. F. E. Devlin; Social Statistics: Miss L. E. F. Barry. Wednesdays: Social Economics, Rev. Hector W. Daly, S.J.; Child Welfare, Dr. W. A. L. Styles.

A course in English Literature given by Dr. W. H. Atherton on Saturday afternoons was also followed by some of the students. Examinations in these subjects were written after the Christmas Holidays. In the second session, from January to April 30th, the subjects were as follows, ten lectures being given in each course: Mondays: Hospital Social Service, Dr. E. J. Semple; Social Case Work, Miss L. E. F. Barry. Wednesdays: Ethics, Rev. Hector W. Daly, S.J.; Community Health, Dr. E. J. Mullally.

The course in Social Law was given by Mr. J. T. Hackett, K.C., on Mondays and Wednesdays in April, two hours each evening, completing an intensive course in a short period. The students seemed well pleased with this arrangement.

The examinations were carried into the first fortnight in May, and were successfully passed by all the students.

On account of illness, removal from the City, and other reasons, the graduating class was regretably diminished in numbers, leaving this year a single student, Miss Katherine Finn, to carry off the Diploma in Sociology granted by Montreal University. Miss Finn, an exceptionally earnest and brilliant student, passed with highest honours in all subjects.

Four students have completed the First Year Course, and won the Certificate given by the Loyola School of Sociology to successful candidates. They are, Miss Elma Collins, with honours; Miss Mary Bumbray, Mrs. Annabella Hays, and Miss Hazel O'Brien. Miss Doris Raynor, who took a special course in Social Law, received a certificate in that subject only.

It is possible that changing circumstances may render it advisable in the future to hold lecture courses in the daytime. This would be determined by the majority of students registered for the coming year. An increasing interest in social service, as a profession, is revealed among Convent graduates, and girls leaving High School, who would be prepared to devote their whole time to the courses and to practical work in the field.

Attractive opportunities for secretarial and administrative as well as original work for young men in this field are causing many College graduates to think of it as a career.

The question of making matriculation a minimum qualification for entrance to the School of Sociology is now under consideration by all the Universities. The growing importance of the trained social worker in community forces, and the vast field opening up for social reforms through improved legislation, with generous financial support from private and public sources, make it imperative to raise the status of the workers. Ultimately the completion of a regular Arts Course, with specialization in subjects of major importance to a Social worker, will no doubt become the rule, rather than the exception as heretofore. This was one of the subjects under discussion by delegates to the first National Social Conference held at Montreal in April, and an interesting pronouncement may be looked for from the next Conference to be held in Ottawa in 1929.

An important step forward towards the unification of ideals and methods in training-schools for social workers is forecast in the elaborate programme of the International Conference of Social Service to be held in Paris in the second week of July, 1928. In preparation for this event, the International Catholic Union of Social Service, with which the Loyola School of Sociology is affiliated, has arranged for a strong representation of Catholic delegates who will make known the Catholic point of view, and, if necessary, defend it against any possible movement to diffuse throughout the world, or officially endorse, tendencies known to our experts and spiritual advisers as fundamentally inimical to the welfare and happiness of individuals or communities.

In closing this brief report, it is a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge gratefully the encouragement given to the School by His Lordship, Mgr. Piette, Rector, and Very Rev. Canon Chartier, Registrar, also by Professor Edouard Montpetit, Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences of Montreal University. Under their sympathetic influence, the School has taken a new direction which it is hoped will gradually lead to the best results.

The Dean, Rev. Erle G. Bartlett, S.J., Rector of Loyola College, notwithstanding the many and absorbing duties attached to his important office, has kept a paternal eye on the School and done all in his power to further its interests. The Professors have, without exception, earned the affection and esteem of the students by their earnest and solid work in the lecture courses, and their personal, individual efforts to give the students the fullest benefit of their own ripe experience. The students on their part have well repaid the efforts of their seniors by faithful attendance and serious application, with the gratifying results that have been announced. They will now receive the reward of their hard work, and the congratulations of their teachers and friends.

L. E. F. BARRY, Registrar.

1126 Drummond Street, Montreal.

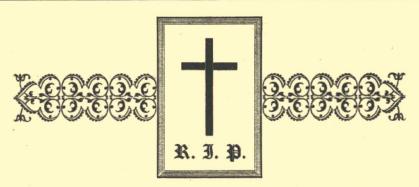
The Loyola Sociological Society is composed of graduates of the School of Sociology, and other past students, who in 1926 formed themselves into a permanent group for the purpose of creating a link with the School, and enabling the members to do concerted work along the lines of the training they have received.

Meetings are held at the homes of members, or at the Catholic Social Service Guild, Drummond Street.

From the proceeds of an entertainment, an Operetta, produced by one of the graduates, a small fund has been created enabling the Society to give some financial assistance in social work through the Guild.

The first President, Miss Kathleen Doherty, now Mrs. Georges Gonthier, of Ottawa, who resigned, on the occasion of her marriage, was succeeded by Mrs. Mabel Nightingale. Miss Katherine Finn, a graduate of this year, is Honorary Secretary-Treasurer.





Deceased Members of Staff and Student Body of Loyola College

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J. Jan. Rev. John Coffee, S.J. Sept. Rev. John Connolly, S.J. Nov.	19, 1902 26, 1916 16, 1911	Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J. June Rev. George Kenny, S.J. Sept. Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J. Feb.	5, 1920 26, 1912 19, 1901
Rev. Edward J. Devine, S.J	5, 1927	Rev. Moses Malone, S.JJan.	14, 1922
Rev. Owen Bernard Devlin, S.JJune	4, 1915	Rev. Joseph McCarthy, S.JDec.	24, 1924
Rev. William Doherty, S.J	3, 1907	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.JJune	6, 1907
Rev. Daniel Donovan, S.JNov.	25, 1921	Rev. John B. Plante, S.J	19, 1923
Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S.J	5, 1918	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J	21, 1904
Rev. John Forhan, S.JAug.	11, 1916	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J	29, 1898
Rev. Martin Fox, S.JJuly	27, 1915	Rev. Adrien Turgeon, S.JSept.	8, 1912
Rev. Alexander Gagnieur, S.JFeb.	10, 1921	Rev. Francis Coll, S.JJan.	12, 1900
Rev. Auguste Girard, S.JJan.	20, 1916	Bro. Geo. Brown, S.J	7, 1901
Rev. Thomas Gorman, S.JJan.	31, 1926	Bro. Frederick Stormont, S.J	25, 1922
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J	4, 1913	Bro. Leonard of PMaur., B.C.IOct.	1, 1922
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.JJune	6, 1905	Mr. Wm. J. Carrick, B.AAug.	3, 1927
Rev. Benjamin Hazelton, S.JSept.	1, 1908	Mr. James Looney, B.AOct.	11, 1922
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.JOct.	4, 1913	Dr. J. G. McCarthyMarch	13, 1921
Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.JJan.	19, 1918	Mr. Cuthbert UdallJuly	5, 1911

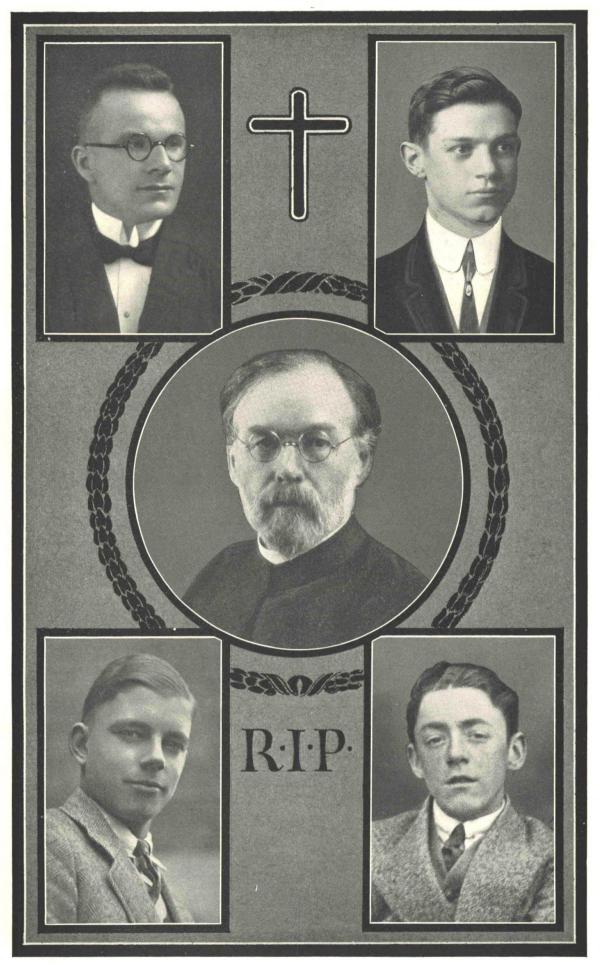
Acton, William
Anglin, Francis
Armstrong, Lawrence
Barbeau, Lawrence
Barbeau, Lawrence
Barnston, Stuart
Baxter, Quigg
Bergeron, Patrick
Blanchard, George
Bonin, René
Booth, Leslie
Brady, Terence
Brown, Henry
Browne, William
Burke, Jack L.
Butler, Herbert
Cagney, Clarence
Carbray, Edward
Carrier, Charles
Caveny, Martin
Chevalier, Jacques
Cloran, Edward
Cloran, Glendyn
Coffey, Robert
Collins, Nulsen
Condon, Leo
Conroy, Emmet
Conroy, Paul
Cooke, Benedict
Cooper, George
Corbett, Walter
Cotcoran, James
Coughlan, Patrick
Coughlin, Robert

Courtney, Kenneth
Crowe, George
Cuddy, John
Daly, George
Dandurand, Hervé
Delaney, Justin
Delisle, Alexander
Dissette, Arthur
Dissette, Francis
Domville, J. de Beaujeu
Donnelly, Henry G.
Doody, Francis
Doran, Francis
Dupuis, Alphonse
Dwyer, Edward
Farley, Howard
Farlell, Edward
Finch, Gerald
French, Francis
Gillies, James
Gloutney, Richard
Grant, Frederick
Grant, James
Hingston, Basil
Hooper, James
Hough, John
Hudson, Stanton
Jaillet, Andrew
Johnson, Melvin
Johnston, John
Kavanagh, Joseph
Kearns, Raymond

Keenan, Christopher Keyes, Michael Lafontaine, Paul Le Boutillier, Leo Lelièvre, Roger Lemieux, Rodolphe Lessard, Gerard Macdonald, Fraser Mackie, George Mackie, Herbert Magann, Edward Maguire, Francis Marson, Robert Marson, Walter Mulligan, James McArthur, Donald McCaffrey, Maurice McCrea, Dent McGee, Francis McGee, James McGoldrick, John McGovern, Arthur McGue, Francis McKenna, Adrian McKenna, Francis McLaughlin, Henry McNamee, Francis Milloy, Francis Mitchell, Alfred Monk, Henry Morgan, Henry Morley, Charles Murphy, John

Murphy, Neil
Nagle, Gregory
O'Boyle, Desmond
O'Brien, Donald
O'Brien, Richard
O'Connor, James
O'Gorman, George
O'Leary, John
O'Shea, Albert
Owens, Sargent
Pagé, Séverin
Palardy, Guy
Pearson, Chisholm
Pearson, Chisholm
Pearson, William A.
Pérodeau, Charles
Plunkett, Edward
Poupore, Leo
Power, J. Rockett
Rolland, Wilfrid
Rosseau, Henry
Ryan, Francis
Shallow, Arthur
Shallow, John
Shortall, Leo
Smith, Arthur
Smith, Charles F.
Stafford, Joseph
Tate, Louis
de Varennes, Henri
Viau, Wilfrid
Vidal, Maurice
Walsh, John P.
Wilkins, John

"Blessed are the Dead who Die in the Lord"



WILLIAM B. CARRICK
J. DENT McCREA

REV. E. J. DEVINE, S.J.

JAMES MULLIGAN HENRY G. DONNELLY

Obituary



ITH the death of six students or good friends of the College in 1928 and that of John Cuddy, John Murphy and James Corcoran in 1927, we regret to chronicle the fact that the last two

years have been more marked by bereavements than any other period except that of the Great War. Our sorrow, however, is lightened by that firm, fond hope that faith gives us: "We are not as others who have no hope."—"Our dead who are in Christ shall rise first."

Our assurance of a happy resurrection for our dear departed is doubly strong as we know they did not meet with a sudden and unprovided death. All of them by their singular regularity in frequenting the sacraments were ever well prepared for death, and, dying as they had lived, each one of them was fortunate enough to receive the Last Sacraments.

God's ways are strange: that so many in the prime of youth should be summoned by the Angel of death! In expressing our sympathy to their parents, relatives and friends, we humbly bow in resignation to the decrees of His Divine Providence, which, though we find it hard at times to realize, does ever and always what is best.

REV. E. J. DEVINE, S.J. (1860-1927)

RACING its history back to the days of the English Course at St. Mary's, Loyola has witnessed the severing of another link with the past in the death of Father Edward J. Devine,

S.J. When the English Course was inaugurated at St. Mary's College, Father Devine was named the first teacher and may consequently be regarded as the first of a now lengthy list of Faculty members, past and present.

It was not as a teacher, however, that Father Devine became so widely known. Obliged, on account of his health, to quit the classroom after a comparatively short period, he turned his attention to the literary and historical pursuits which were afterwards to win him such widespread recognition.

While sojourning at Three Rivers his attention was drawn to certain ancient documents which, upon closer investigation, proved to be old records of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century. His interest once enkindled, Father Devine undertook a special study of this period of his Order's history in Canada, and through long years laboured unceasingly in the cause of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America. After more than a quarter of a century's tireless endeavour, writing, lecturing and preaching everywhere on this subject, he had the satisfaction of being present at St. Peter's in Rome and hearing the decree of the beatification of his religious brethren proclaimed by

It was as editor of "The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart" that Father Devine was best known. For thirty years and more, the advancement of the League of the Sacred Heart and its official publication absorbed his attention. Apart from this, which may be termed his life-work, the Editor and Historian also won his spurs as a missionary in the far North.

After nearly fifty years of devoted service to the Church and his Order, Father Devine was named Superior of the Jesuit house in Toronto, whither the Messenger had been transferred. It was here that after a lifetime of toil and travel he was finally to find his lasting rest. Filled with courage and optimism, cheered with the success of the cause of his dear Martyrs, and reviewing with grateful memory the time spent in visiting the Holy Land, this energetic priest and scholar was planning even further undertakings when the final call came. On Saturday, November 5th, 1927, he died peacefully at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, aged sixty-seven.

Father Devine's interest in Loyola was unabating. He was a member of the Board of Trustees and lecturer in Canadian History for several years, and every distinction and every victory won by the College aroused his delighted enthusiasm. Our great regret is that the limits of space imposed upon us will not permit a lengthy and more complete treatment of a life so full of episode and achievement.

With the passage of years our recollections are dimmed, but this should not be so in the case of one who was, in a certain sense, a founder of Loyola. It is to be hoped that some lasting tribute to the memory of this lovable and inspiring character will perpetuate his name among us.

N the second of December, 1927, Loyola lost by death one of its most promising graduates, James Dent McCrea. All who knew Dent admired him for his many intellectual gifts, revered him for his fine, noble character and loved him for his unblemished life and for his sterling loyalty. He was born near Sudbury, Ontario, on July 24th, 1907, the son of the Hon. Charles McCrea, who has for several years held the important position of Minister of Mines. From early child-

hood, Dent attracted attention by his thoughtful ways and by his sunny disposition. His early education was obtained, partly from a private tutor and partly in St. Aloysius' School, Sudbury. Always a leader in his classes, it is not surprising that he passed with distinction, at the early age of twelve, the entrance examinations for Lovola College High School. He became immediately most devoted to Loyola and to its interests. His careful, thorough work won him marked recognition and in June, 1922, he was granted a place of honour among those who received the much-prized High School Diploma.

In September, 1922, he returned to Loyola to enter upon his Arts' Course. From the very beginning of his Collegiate career he forged to the front in studies, in Athletics, in Literary Work, in Debating and in Sodality activities. In June, 1926, after a four years' training under a rigid Classical Curriculum, he was graduated with honours, holding the position of poet at the Convoca-

tion Exercises of the year.

In the Autumn of 1926, he was enrolled as a student in the Law School of Toronto University, having selected Law as the career of his ambitions. Here he continued his steady advance in all lines of University activities, coming to the front as a student, as a debater and as an athlete. Unfortunately an overstrain in gymnastic practice during the winter season of 1926 brought on a serious heart-trouble which brought dismay to the hearts of his parents and of his friends. It was impossible not to perceive the gravity of the sickness. Advice was sought from the best physicians of the Dominion and skilled nurses were obtained in the hope that a cure might be effected. For several months Dent battled bravely against the insidious disease; there were times when the symptoms gave his friends ground to hope for victory, but in spite of all medical skill, in spite of the loving care of devoted parents, in spite of the many

prayers offered by friends all over the land, the heart failed to rally, and on the second of December the end came and our warmly-loved Alumnus passed from the trials and struggles of life to the peace of eternity. His funeral gave evidence of the deep esteem in which he was held, for it was honoured by the presence of the Archbishop of Toronto, of Bishop Ryan of Pembroke, of Bishop McNally of Hamilton, of the Very Reverend Erle G. Bartlett, S.J., Rector of Loyola College, of many members of the Clergy, both diocesan and Regular, of many prominent representatives of the Government, and of a host of sorrowing friends who testified to their genuine appreciation of his worth by their grief.

Suddenly cut off at the very threshold of life, we, who enjoyed the privilege of knowing intimately this superior young man, feel that we ought to call attention to the inspiration which all can draw from his career. First of all, he was a model of a sincere, painstaking student. Though gifted beyond the ordinary, yet he realized that the prizes of life are won by effort, not by mere natural gifts, and consequently, he never failed to make the required preparation for his classes. He was never satisfied, until he could say-"I have done my duty to the best of my power.' This principle signalized him all through his High School, his College and his University exertions. This led to his superiority in debate, in writing both prose and poetry, in class discussions and in public speeches. Several poems from his pen have appeared in the issues of the Review, and no one present can forget his exquisite poem on St. Catharine of Alexandria, delivered in the Philosophers' Academy on November 24th, 1925. As a debater he shone by his clear and incisive powers of reasoning. It was a pleasure to listen to his lucid train of arguments, as he brought proof after proof to substantiate his contentions. There was no attempt to overpower the emotions, but a solid phalanx of intellectual artillery, supporting his own side and beating down his opponents' forces by irresistible logic.

He was a firm advocate of the advantages to be derived from a sane training in athletics. Hence he threw himself with enthusiasm into all forms of physical discipline and in many lines thereof he held a fine record for skill and prowess.

Of a deeply religious nature, he was an ardent upholder of those practices of piety, which bring a man into close union with the Almighty. Hence he was a frequent Communicant, an enthusiast for the Sodality meetings, and a faithful member of the St. John Berchmans' Society. The yearly retreat was always made by him with singular fervour, for to him it was a time, not merely to ponder upon the fundamental principle of solid virtue, but an occasion to plan for the future in order to prepare for those critical situations which confront every young man on the threshold of his majority.

He had, as has been remarked above, a sunny disposition. Sunshine irradiated from him, because he was absolutely sincere and absolutely honourable. He could not stoop to what is insincere or base; and so he led his young life under the inspiration of lofty thoughts and of noble plans; bearing "unstained throughout his short tract of years honour's white wreath and virtue's spotless shield."

WILLIAM H. CARRICK, B.A. '22

1 1 1

OYOLA lost one of its most esteemed lay-teachers when death came on August the third, 1927, to Mr. William Carrick, who had been connected with the College for the last eight years. To the students and professors who had seen him at the Com-

mencement exercises of 1927 in fairly good health, the news of his death but two months later was a bitter shock.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Carrick was loved by all—and with good reason. Ever since he first began his association with Loyola he was an earnest, painstaking teacher, a devoted helper, and his influence for good among the boys with whom he worked and played was always for what was highest and best. Years of experience in dealing with the boys he loved so much had taught him a tact and facility in solving their problems few others possessed. They idolized him; and he in return spared no sacrifice in furthering their plans and their interests.

The College filled his heart and his thoughts; and during the semi-delirium of his last days of illness it was its name and the names of the boys that came most frequently to his lips. He was a model Catholic; and had God spared him he was to have begun his studies for the priesthood in September. But that was not to be.

He died as he had lived—piously and bravely. He himself would have us, who loved him, say little of his qualities, for he shunned praise; we would but pay this silent tribute to his memory,—that his influence is still patent as a vital force for good among us whom he taught and helped. More than that he would not wish—for his life for the last ten years was given to one aim, to make us better, to make Loyola better; it is the tribute we give him; he needs no other, and we offer it in all truth and with the deepest sincerity.

To his relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy; that he is enshrined in Loyola hearts and traditions they know as well as we, and the *Review* takes this occasion of expressing the appreciation of what Loyola owes to his untiring zeal for her and her interests.

HARRY DONNELLY

He news of the death of Henry Gratton Donnelly came as a great shock to the members of the Faculty and to the student body of Loyola College; for little did anyone think that a boy of 15 could fall sick, die and be buried within one short week. Friday afternoon, March 16th, Harry appeared in class with his usual smile, complaining of nothing, though we know now that at the time he was suffering from an infection of the lip. He did not return on Saturday. On Monday evening we received the first word of his serious illness; on Tuesday he was anointed, and on Wednesday morning, March 21st, he passed away peacefully in the Western Hospital.

Henry Gratton, better known as "Harry," was born in Montreal on October 2nd, 1912, attended the Sacred Heart School in his earlier days, then went to St. Augustine's where he won the 1926 Scholarship entitling him to a full course at Loyola.

Once at Loyola, Harry won his way into all hearts with his happy smile, his gentle demeanour, his common sense, his fairness and uprightness in everything. He completed a successful year in First High, and was doing splendidly this year. On the campus he attracted the attention of all who were interested in Junior sports. He was captain of the II. High A team which won the J. M. Lenaghan trophy for Intra-Mural Rugby.

Harry's loss to the School and to his class has been indeed great. He has left a very favourable and lasting impression on all who knew him at Loyola. R.I.P.

JAMES MAURICE MULLIGAN

N the passing of James Mulligan Loyola loses an Old Boy who has reflected nothing but glory on his Alma Mater. "Jimmy," as he was known during his stay at the College, passed away at his home in Montreal on Wednesday, May 9th, 1928. The very energy and enthusiasm with which he threw himself into every pursuit led him to indulge too strenuously in athletics, with the result that he weakened his constitution, and was thus unable to withstand the illness that ended in his death. He was attended at the end by Rev. Fr. Cloran, S.J., who administered the Last Sacraments. We have every reason to believe from his steady life and peaceful death that his soul is now with God.

Coming to Loyola from St. Leo's School, Jimmy entered First High "B." From his predilection for activities of all kinds, and sports in particular, he soon became a well-known and popular figure. He constantly displayed that generosity, cheerfulness and sportsmanship which he carried with him even to the end. Although at Loyola but three years, he made many friends who will mourn his loss.

After leaving Loyola, Jimmy entered the employ of Simmons & Co., where he remained until three years ago. In 1925 he left Montreal to join the Shawinigan Power Co. He remained with this firm until last Christmas, when ill-health forced him to return to his home in Montreal.

To his relatives and friends we offer our most sincere sympathy. We know that they will find consolation in the thought that Jimmy was ever faithful to the ideals which he first acquired and which were ever present to his mind.

WALTER CORBETT, ex '22

HE numerous acquaintances and former classmates of Walter Corbett, who spent several years both at Old Loyola on Drummond Street and at New Loyola, will be grieved to hear that he died in the latter part of last spring after a lingering illness.

Walter, during his days at Loyola, took little part in athletics; he was, however, a splendid debater and orator. He was much admired by every one of his fellow-students, for he possessed a most cheerful and pleasing disposition. After leaving College, Walter took up the study of Law, and was progressing favourably when death called him to his reward. To his mother, deprived of her only son, the *Review* offers sincere sympathy.

JOHN JAMES GILLIES

OHN JAMES GILLIES, of the Class of 1906, died in the Seaman's Hospital, in London, England, on the 16th of April, 1927.

John Gillies was a son of the late Joseph Gillies, K.C., of Sydney, N.S.; he attended Loyola for a number of years and would have graduated with the Class of 1906 had he not been ill with typhoid fever at the time the final examinations were written. He later was graduated from Dalhousie College with the Degree of B.A., in 1908, and from the Law Faculty of Dalhousie College in 1909. He practised for a short time in Sydney and later came to Montreal and entered the legal department of the C.P.R., where he remained until 1921, when failing health caused him to seek outdoor occupation. He sailed the Seven Seas for six years, but the inroads of pulmonary tuberculosis could not be stayed.

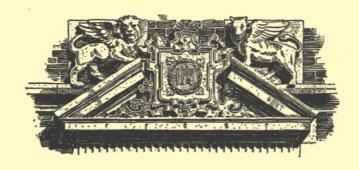
John Gillies had a particularly acute mind and a wonderful memory. He was an omnivorous reader, and although of rather frail physique, which precluded participation in sport, he was keenly interested in all forms of athletics. As a lawyer he made a specialty of railroad law and knew, as few did, the jurisprudence affecting all branches of that great industry. In personal contact he was shy and reserved; he was

sincerely loved by all those who knew him well.

To his wife and son, David, goes the sympathy of the Teachers and Classmates and the whole Student body of twenty-five years ago.

Heartfelt sympathy is also offered by both Faculty and Students to the following who during the past year have been deprived by death of parents or relatives:

Rev. R. G. Cloran, S.J.; Mr. I. Leaver, S.J.; Bro. Rowell, S.J.; Sgt.-Major Cavan, Edwin and Elmer Lanthier, Harold Maloney, Marcel Gatien, Wm. Baker, Edward Sherry, Fred and Brien O'-Grady, John and James Hearn, Wm. McGee, Gerald Gleeson, Michael Collins, Antoine, Jean, Maurice, Willie and Eddie Tellier; Emmett and Leo. Foy, Cyril and Austin Beck.





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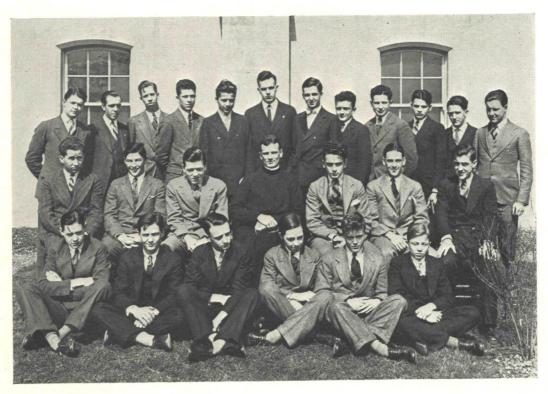
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FOURTH YEAR HIGH "A"



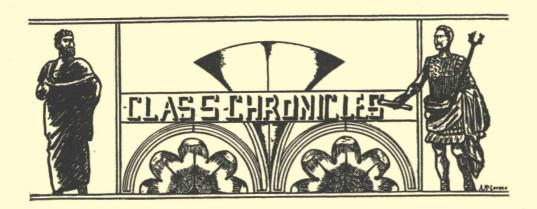
FOURTH YEAR HIGH "B"



THIRD YEAR HIGH "A"



THIRD YEAR HIGH "B"



FOURTH HIGH "A"

OU have been hearing quite a bit about the Arts Course—Junior Freshman, Sophomore and other what-not names—but let me take you up to the "Intellegentia" of the High School—Fourth High "A."

Sh! We'll watch them from behind the paper basket! Ah, the whole class present—even Don Hushion (the School team must be playing this afternoon). Judging from the bored expressions, it is evident Greek Class is on. George Murphy doesn't seem to agree with the professor's version or the Greek Grammar. What an argument (one side only)! The Twins, James T. Murphy, can't resist the opportunity to put in his two bits. He gives George the excellent advice to let the Greek go, think of his new Chrysler and save his breath for the speed cops of Sherbrooke. Dick McKenna makes a noble effort to take an interest in the work, but fails utterly. There's Osio, always in trouble with Rigney. "Don't do that, Bill, with Rigney. Osio doesn't like to be kicked on the shins!" Poor George Darche, dreaming again. The goddess of tennis seems to have cast her spell early this year. As usual, Flood is bubbling over with talk to Cuddihy, getting them both in wrong. Plamondon manicuring his nails too! Say Plam, it's about time you lost that file!

Anything to change the subject from Greek. "Who was St. Peter's wife?" asks Greene. This gives Landers a big laugh which shakes Quinlan's desk, interrupting Fritz's forty winks. Scott finds there is too much noise going on. "Come on fellows, keep quiet," says he. "Quite so," thinks George McVey, "how much noise the youngsters do make!"

Yes, Tony Roy is in today too. Listen to this though—he has "part" of his homework done! Persuasion (jug) does work wonders. What ho! Bernal has to stand up. The reason—one can't sleep standing."

A knock at the door! Ross Ryan answers and returns with the absentee list. Everyone present? Let's see. No, Graeme Bailey's missing. Wait a minute, Ross, Bailey's not absent at all. He's hiding behind Laurie Byrne? He doesn't want to be questioned. Byrne is a bullet-proof protection when Greek questions are being fired around!

What are all these uncanny noises coming from Lennon? The principal parts of a Greek verb? Hard luck, Lennon. It is strange how any human beings could invent such weird sounds, and yet call it a language. Marcil is working hard. I wonder why? Let's see. Ah! here it is—a question meant to catch the master. "But why is this put in the genitive?" he wants to know. Of course, the master doesn't answer;

Walsh has to, "You answer that, Frank." Poor Walsh is overwhelmed. What does Dalton Ryan want to ask him about yesterday's show for, anyway?

Costello, by the way, is unscrewing his desk to see how many screws hold it. He claims it's easier to count them in the hand than in the desk. Try counting them by logarithms, Fred; they say it's easier! "Boys, Oh Boys!" quotes Lanthier from Shakespeare and begins to write furiously. This looks queer, it's probably a comparison between Ottawa and Montreal, and Ottawa won't lose.

There goes the bell! Good, class over! What's this I hear? Bland is calling a meeting of the class. Huh, must be another raffle! I must be going.

HARRY A. PEREGO, '32.

FOURTH HIGH B

E was a plump, prosperous, middle-aged man, sitting by the fire in the lounge of the . . . Club, and gazing so thoughtfully into the flickering flames. As he stared absent-mindedly, he seemed to behold again the class-room in which he had spent his last year before entering the Arts' Course. What a long time ago that was! Yet he remembered. doubtedly the finest matriculation class that the Old School had ever turned out. Fourth High B had won the Sr. Class Hockey Championship that year. "Couldn't play much hockey now," he thought, as he glanced at his ex-pansive waistcoat. Who had been on that team? Oh yes, there was Howard Sager; a fine poke-check Howie had. And then Gordon George and Dickie Kearns, the diminutive goal-getters; and George Thoms. How George used to hand the bumps out! And Frank Haney, the Bad Man of the defence; and Shag Shaughnessy, his "Pard." Deuced good team that! Besides, there was the high scorer, Benny O'Connor; and Red Gravel, the custodian, turning everything aside with the "sang-froid" of a pro. And then Steve Gorman, the manager of both our teams.

Yes, that was right, the Class had also won the Intermediate Title. Charlie Letourneau on the defence scored the two goals bringing the Championship to the Class. Pee-Wee Braceland, the "Infant," who used to mix up the opposing forwards just as he rattled the professors in class. And Jimmy Cummins, renowned on the grid-iron as well as on the rink; Bill Tigh, debater "par excellence," who represented the class on the Public Debating team; and Hymie Rincon from Mexico, another public debater of merit. Billy Merchant had played for that team too; a fine student. Bill, always in the number of the "Lumina." Then Harry Hemens, "Smiling Harry," always late, student and athlete "de luxe." Ed. Douglas, too, who said so little, but ranked so high in our estimation. Yes, that was all the team; but there were a lot of other celebrities who had not indulged in athletics. Henri Denis, our class dialectician, and Edmund Gough, the bov-Euclid, our Mathematics' Master's sole solace. Ralph Hogan, whom we instinctively liked, though he had just come among us. Who else was there? Of course, studious-looking Art Nelson, ever willing to lend a hand, everyone's friend; and Ossie Walsh, the class humourist, with the grave countenance. That was all. No, there was John Bland, the class secretary, guardian of our Scholarship Fund; and Bob Daly, the authority on all historical subjects.

That certainly had been a wonderful . . .

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by a hail from below: "Come on, Ed, the cocktails are shaken." He rose and went down, a thoughtful look on his countenance.

EDWARD SHERIDAN.

THIRD HIGH "A"

HE great men whose names are to be found in the columns of "Who's Who" once sat on the benches and learned to add and subtract. Who then could foretell their meteoric rise to fame? Who also can denythe latent talents of Third High 'A'?

Amyot, the Class Infant, will soon put on the Toga Virilis and take his place among the grown-ups. Archambault attends class whenever his numerous visits to the Infirmary allow it. Bailey, being versed in the art of selfdefence, can well take care of himself. At times he looks as though he hadn't a friend in the world—and they are legion. Bisson goes on the even tenor of his way, but he gets there just the same, and is liked by all. Britt radiates sunshine about him and carries on the good tradition of his brothers here. Bucher hails from the rugged North of Ontario, and has all the sturdiness of the Northern climate. Clough is an allround star and athlete whose pungent remarks enliven many a meeting. It is hard in a few lines to do justice to our Class-President, Billy Daly, "the brightest boy" in Cornwall; everything worries him because everybody likes him. Dougherty, our tall man, comes in handy for closing transoms, etc. His wan little smile disarms at times even the professor's wrath? Frew, variously known as Sumner and George, is quiet, but doesn't miss anything. He played defence in hockey and did it well. Hampshire is tall, fair and handsometall and fair anyway. He is bound to rise to great heights, physically at least, and plays hockey well, keeping one eye on the puck and one on the 'miss!' ' Laflamme has been seriously bitten by the radio-bug and divides class-honours with his inseparable Vincent. Larranaga, our strong man, is handy for moving pianos and trunks; he has a habit of breaking chairs and catching colds. Malone possesses all

the humour and pathos of the Celtic race. What more could you say in his favour? Danny Mascioli has fallen off his chair more than any two in the School. He is the most enthusiastic supporter of the Penny Scholarship Fund, besides being organizer of the Anti-Smoking League and Wrigley's best customer. Mullen, the big power from Shawinigan Falls, is a living picture of the results of Palmolive soap. Still the mystery remains unsolved: "What is Rosie's secret sorrow?" Mc-Ilhone, though from Loretteville, doesn't boast of it. He is genial, but does not despise the right of honest indignation. O'Brien, the "System man, revels in statistics and juggles with angles and figures; nature has been lavish in her gifts with him-colour in-Perrault, our class genius, would rather be hanged, drawn and quartered than get a low note. Pocock is our worthy representative from the Queen City and holds his own in all spheres. Rolph, who has visions of R.M.C., claims Henry VIII. or Alex. the Great as his ancestor; his "game" leg puts him at times under the suspicion of having a cork knee; but has secured him some rides on the elevator.

Schafhausen (otherwise known as Kaspar, Moritz Ludwig) Heinrich, leads in debate and is a living proof that the art of conversation is not a lost one. Shaughnessy, whose excuses for missing homework would fill a book, comes of a good stock; he has enough brothers to make a class all to themselves. Shepherd, our boy-soprano from North Bay, often does too much homework, due to defective hearing. Walsh has a "Damon and Pythias" sort of friendship for Laflamme and is a "Would-be" Lindbergh. Benziger, our quiet, genuine and popular representative from Wyoming, whom family sickness called home, is one of our best. Illness also robbed us of our devoted professor, Mr. Penfold, S.J., to whom we wish a speedy JACK BELAIR. recovery.

THIRD HIGH "B"

ALASS Third High "B" was reorganized this year under the professorship of Mr. F. Nelligan, S.J. The first few days were occupied with the election of class officers; those chosen for positions were: Arthur Kennedy, a good scholar and distinguished athlete, as President. Art has successfully toiled for every activity undertaken, and has won a worthy reputation for the class. Angelo Sesia was appointed Vice-President, and his devoted assistance to the President was ever without fault. The Secretary was Frank Stafford, a very capable student and enthusiastic sportsman, whose businesslike manner greatly improved the administration. Lester Carroll held the wealthy office of Treasurer, and declared that if anybody had cash on hand he would be only too glad to take care of

A few weeks elapsed and the rugby season was with us. Great enthusiasm was shown by the class and a number of capable players were produced. Then the Christmas examinations came and the results were pleasing, especially to John Ganetakos, who took first place. At the beginning of the Second Term we were saddened to find that Mr. Nelligan had been transferred to another class, but our spirits rose again when we heard that Mr. Sutton, S.J., had been named our new professor. The hockey season brought forth several splendid players from our class; especially deserving of mention are William Hushion and Harold Hurley of the Senior High School Team. John McGovern, John McAvoy, Oswald Sullivan and John Demetre captured a beautiful silver cup for the class by their unexcelled speed in the relay skating race.

In a word it would suffice to say that the boys laboured earnestly for all religious, scholastic, athletic and social causes, and they all hope to meet with gratifying results from the June Examinations which will bring the happy school term to a close and open the doors to a long and well-merited vacation.

KEVIN DOHERTY.

II HIGH "A"

N the morning of the opening day of the scholastic year 1927-28, as the portals of II High "A" closed, everyone glanced anxiously around to discover who his classmates were to be for the coming year.

On a small dais at the front of the class the tall and imposing "personage," our professor, could be seen making friends with the boys whom the kind hand of fate had placed under his care. Lyall McDonald, "'Jimmie" Burke and Glen Ryan were exchanging stories and yarns about the past vacation; "Pee Wee'' George and Ronnie Stanford were examining the exits and calculating the distance from the cloakroom window to the campus below—a shorter way out in case of emergency. A little "squeak" from the back of the room proved to be nothing else but the vocal apparatus of the genial Carlos Filteau imparting some of the fine points of mining to the "Aldridge and Troughton Society of Mutual Admiration." Chas. Young, later elected class-president, was examining Gordon MacDonald's latest liter-

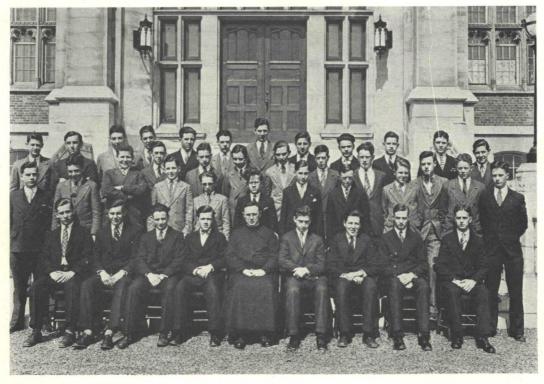
ary accomplishment.

At the front of the room Darche and Bourgeois, hidden behind "Le Nouvelliste," were earnestly requesting Cook and Hill "to cease their vain chatter." These latter, it may be explained, were forming what proved to be a "Society of Perpetual Oratory." Simard, Larivière and Casgrain were endeavouring "to borrow a butt" without interest. Thus did II High "A" appear on that memorable day.

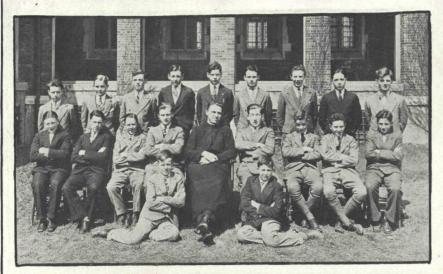
The next day, however, the scholastic year began in earnest and continued uneventful till November 1st. At this



SECOND YEAR HIGH "A"



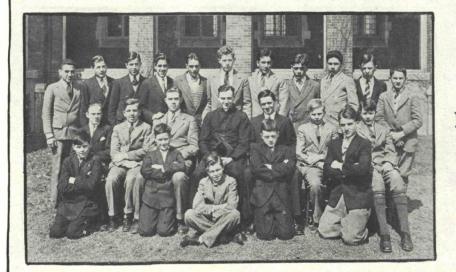
SECOND YEAR HIGH "B"



FIRST YEAR HIGH'B'

FIRST YEAR HIGH 'A'





FIRST YEAR HIGH'C'

TIM . 5.3

date the paternal John Coyle, better known as "Daddy," put in an appearance, much to the pleasure of II High "A." He has adopted many of the class-members.

After Christmas a great change took place. The former II High "B" lost its title to II High "A," as a consequence of the amalgamation of the two classes. D'Arcy Moore, as president of II High "B," welcomed the visitors to their new classroom. In close succession followed the other prominent members: Benziger, McGee, Heffernan and Muir. Clermont, Davidson and Dearhouse were too busily engaged in harmonizing a popular song, to give the glad hand to the newly-arrived. Newman, Léger, Bulger and Shea were unprepared, not having finished their discussion on the relative greatness of the U.S.A., while Kieran and Gallagher paid strict attention to their arguments.

These two groups have really amalgamated. They form but one body and one spirit. They are bound by the bonds of closest friendship. May they always maintain them till they meet at last in

the "Great Beyond."

J. C. C., '34.

A.M.D.G. SECOND "B"—A SKETCH

HE history of this class has been as varied as the talents and qualities of its members. It began as Special Latin; ran its course, and assumed the name of Second "C," only to learn that the Powers would have it called Second "B."

But, lest we forget the members and their talents. Baker, with talent to spare, has spent many an extra session in the corridor. Bedard believes there are still some unanswered questions in the world, the most amazing being "how Sbragia's head carries all he knows," and "how Rowan mistook the Ottawa newspaper for a prayer

book." President Burman has also some questions to settle; particularly the Dean's query about the naughty desk that hurt George Dupont's eye. Two other great mysteries are: Clifford's interests in the corridor, and Chevrier's idea of a first offense. Now, for a real solution of most of these difficulties, it might be well to seek the help of O'Grady, who has at times given very excellent advice on Latin; then, Fleury might be called in. His too close observation has more than once proved that even teachers may nod at times. Baskerville might know something about the mystery of the prayer book. But if we are going to call a council, why not get the services of our prophet, O'Connor, why not add the weight of John Tansey who plays such a BIG part in our midst? As to the mystery of the naughty desk, someone has suggested that we get the advice of "Little Joe" Ryan, who has done much medical research work, especially in appendicitis and rheumatism.

Though the professor has at no time claimed to be anything pastoral, still it was found early in the year that the class contained two ewes and a Lamb; one of the Hughs a Trotter, the other a Meagher. We remember too, while speaking of live stock, that Martin seems to have determined to "chew his way to success."

There are bound to be extremist-reformers in every assembly, and we have ours. Cleary wants a longer lunch period, Davies wants less home-work, Shea wants none, while Gagné thinks he ought to get a chance to advertise the fact that he always does it. Harris thinks class should begin ten minutes later in the morning, while Hawke believes that at least there should be no collection of home-work after nine o'clock. But that isn't all. Jackson thinks he ought to be allowed to call the teacher cattle food stuff, and Snell can't see why anyone should be

punished for "Doin' nothin', Father." Al Phelan isn't satisfied with forty, he wants more members, at least one more anyway. It becomes bewildering at times; so much so that Murray forgets even his recitations. When things come to this stage we call upon our placid, staid and steady stoic, Clifford Phelan; and then, lest it become too serious, we allow McGowan to indulge a little of his "counterfeited glee." Perhaps a great deal of trouble might be avoided, if these worthy seekers after truth would ask Maloney how things are done "down where he used to live."

But let's have peace; this strife away, we have a hall of fame. It is rumoured that Martel has recently perfected a speed car that will surpass the record of one Malcolm Campbell, that Quinn's running furnished the trade mark for a certain rubber company. Cuddihy, a very famous traveller, has seen the world and Boston. Lannegrace, after his course in English, will translate daily into French, the Montreal Star for the inhabitants of his country, la Chine. It is said too, that in the near future, Segatore intends to begin the writing of two very interesting works: "The Memoirs of Richard the Red, King and Door Keeper" and "Adventures of The Three Musgetouts or Dubee, McIlhone and Dubee.' All this, Lucious intends to do, despite the fact that he is assistant instructor in Greek and is known to spend some time with the Beauties of Italian literature.

Thus far Second High "B"; may they always and everywhere prove true and Loyal sons of Old Loyola.

MAURICE B. MARSNEL.

FIRST HIGH A

E shan't say much of the high standard of intelligence in the class. It is enough to state that intellectual pursuits are what one might call the hobby of everyone in I High A.

Hence you must not judge the depth of our knowledge from the following comments.

That introduction reads as if it had been written by Phelan who claims to possess a delicacy of mentality above the average. We have not seen much of Lanthier, our class president, this year; that no other president was elected after Elmer left us last December on account of illness is sufficient proof of his popularity. It was thought at one time to send a delegation to the master to request that Reid and Hammill be brought closer together; they do insist on arguing from their respective places, and the studious members of the class-particularly Kierans and Grothé-object to being disturbed. Reid's favourite expression, by the way, is heard at 2 p.m., four days a week: "Aw, Father; I asked you first."

We have a few budding artists in the class. Three Rivers will some day boast of a great artist, if Buisson keeps up his cartooning. Joubert, who used to indulge in the same sort of thing, has given it up; but he still manages to make the master gasp with some of his sotto voce remarks. I High A would not be I High A if Kiely were not there. His wise-cracks never fail to draw a chuckle from the class as well as from the master. 'Gene Dussault has a rather trying time in taking care of his wayward little brother, Joe. We are not sure which of the two O'Briens takes care of the other; possibly the care is reciprocal, as they are twins-and from Ottawa too! Harwood, our vice-president, has taken upon himself the responsibility for the misdemeanours of the class in the president's absence. His is not an easy task. What with Dominick and Costello engaging in a wordy battle over nothing; or Gorman and Barsalou practising French conversation during any but French classes; or again Savor and Routh debating on the probable value of a 1926 Madagascar stamp, our vice-president has a lot of worry.

Should the master call out: "Doran, stop that twittering!", a voice is heard at the back: "Tom wasn't talking, father." It is Whiteside speaking up in defence of what someone called his "Gold Dust Twin." Bernal, from faroff Mexico, used to spend a pleasant hour during French class devouring novels—presumably to improve his English. Brabant, was it your bad example that caused Luis to fall? Hinphy's smile is so disarming that he avoids many a scolding, when caught sitting anywhere but in his own bench.

Fortunately for the reputation of the class, there are one or two of a more serious turn of mind. Brierley is so serious that he almost succeeded in pawning off the same homework on the master three days in succession; unfortunately the master became suspicious. Nowlan, who really tries to set Brierley good example, has not succeeded in bringing him to a saner view of life. Toohey and White often engage in a friendly tussle, when the master is looking over their heads to see what Rogerson has on his lap: "It's all right, father; I'm only copying down the exercise you are preparing for homework.

The class wishes Mr. Scott, S.J., who had to leave Loyola in March because of ill-health, a prompt recovery and speedy return.

B. A-S.

FIRST HIGH "B"

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

OYOLA, my dear friends, Station I High "B" broadcasting on a wave length of 450 metres. We are situated on the first floor of the institution, and we have received numberless requests to broadcast some of our activities.

The class at present consists of 20 diligent pupils, some of whom appear to be here for social reasons only. They are considered an habitual drawback to

misogynists like "Scotty" O'Brien, who complains that the only time he can say anything is when they stop for breath. However, like true martyrs, we must bear up and face our trials with a smile.

It won't be long now!

We students of I High "B" have an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and the poor teachers are sacrificing their health to allay that thirst. Yes, my dear friends, we have minds that absorb unlimited wisdom. Take a chap like Thomas; he is enough to drive any professor to despair. Thomas will rise and ask the master if the Romans had not been Romans in the first place, what would they have been?

We also excel in Athletics. The favourite indoor sport is "Ups and Downs," a fascinating game without a doubt. George Collins will rise to his feet shivering, and in a quavering voice ask if he may close the window. His request is granted. That is one point for George. Lawrence Paquin stands mopping his brow and declares that if the window is not opened he will suffer the same fate as his forefathers in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Up goes the window, thus cancelling George's point. And so the game goes on.

Our class is also noted for its skill in boxing. "Tony" Lippert displays splendid form in the manly art of self-defence, while Jago and Harry Trihey have their friendly bouts after class. Mention must also be made of "Eddie" Burns and "Dick" Curran, both equally famous—the former for his speed (?) in Latin parsing, the latter for his remarkable powers of elocution. One day, during elocution, Aubut was asked to criticize Dick's articulation. "What do you think of Curran's execution?" "I'm in favour of it,"—replied Gerald, as serious as a judge.

Ray Altimas is noted for having grown the stiffest beard in the class, and is the envy of all the small boys. His companion, Tim O'Hagan, acts childishly now and then, and pesters

Wilbert Stuart in any way he can. Vincent Morrissey and Stuart have reserved seats every evening in the jug room. Barrett, our famous cartoonist, takes great pride in drawing his own picture. Brien O'Grady is very much interested in sea stories and penny dreadfuls, while Ray Shaughnessy has a predilection for Western novels; they usually are caught and the result is jug. Last, but not least, is our friend Dan Young, who used to attend many social affairs, but since he has become a boarder all his social dates have been cancelled.

As our time for broadcasting has come to an end, I High "B" will sign off, at exactly the same hour as usual—time given through the courtesy of Trihey's watch, which is going today.

Good afternoon—Everybody.

I HIGH "C"

WAS seated at my desk one sunny afternoon in May, idly contemplating the beauties of Mother Nature. A few birds were perched on a limb of one of the trees, and their chirpings were sweetly wafted to us by the gentle zephyrs. Gliding here and there with their graceful spread of wings, they offered a pleasing distraction to a mind saturated with Latin verbs. Suddenly they were frightened away by the opening of another window by our fresh-air fiend, Henry Murray, who being from New Jersey, evidently hoped some stray mosquito might stroll in to bring solace and comfort to a homesick soul. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Pierre Huguet turn a smiling face towards Paul Fleury (his partner in everything from tennis to skipping jug); the latter, however, did not seem to be socially inclined.

Just as I was about to relax into my former state of lethargy, I was suddenly brought to my full senses by a loud voice exclaiming "Sit down! If you didn't do your work last night, do it this afternoon in jug." A voice exclaimed "Gyp" in a hoarse whisper, and Palombo, our future sea-cadet and owner of the voice, turned a downcast face towards the rear of the class. Evidently he expected sympathy from Weir or Troop. But it came from a different quarter. George Fleming, commonly known as "Yip," and Billy Hart (he of the innocent and bland face), for once decided in favour of Justice, and consequently voiced their hearty approval of the punishment.

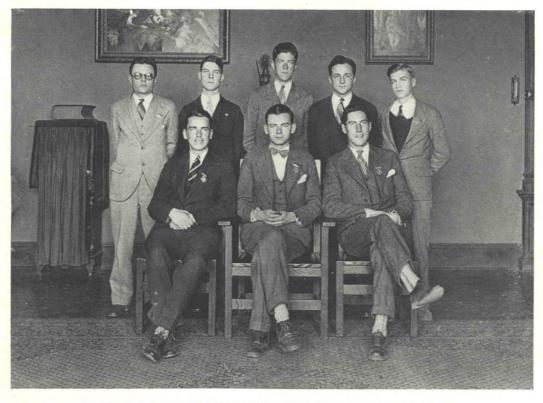
Silence prevailed for a few seconds as one of our number paused in his translation and stood still, deeply immersed in thought. A hoarse laugh broke the silence, and Stan. Hinnegan showed his famous smile. Stan., our class president, has shown a deep and loyal attachment to Eddie Wilson, our popular vice-president; evidently the remark "No dot!" meant something to Stan., for he winked at Eddie. George Charlebois, however, carefully observed the proceedings, and Eddie began to blush fiercely; Soucisse promptly called everybody's attention to the blush. Then to my ears came a sound of voices singing or talking, I know not which, as the Mexican quartette, composed of Cortina, Diaz, Hector and George Villarreal, took the air to broadcast their opinions of some country matter. Bewilderment and astonishment were registered on the faces of Dolan and Sinclair, our class midgets, who seemed unable to understand Span-

Henshaw, evidently disliking to have me suffer a relapse, valiantly strove to revive my interest in life by gesticulating frantically and whispering: "MacDonald! Souva! Did you take my chocolate bar?" Thus an appropriate setting for a battle was staged by the sound of the bell. Their wordy combat was interrupted by Billy Baker, our genial, universally respected class artist, with a firm request to "Stop the fighting and tell me what the homework is."

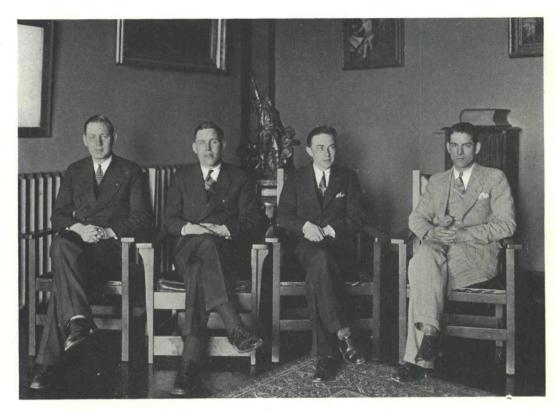
B. B.



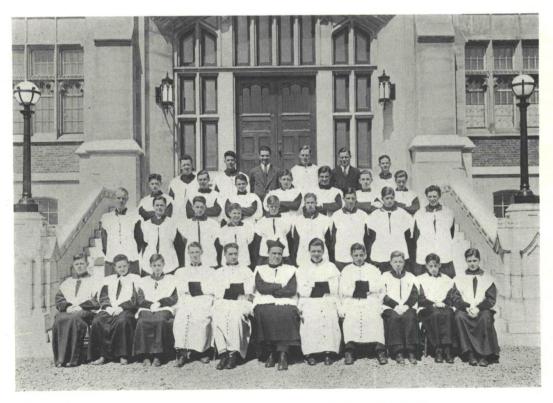
OFFICERS OF THE RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY



OFFICERS OF THE NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY



CATECHISTS



ST. JOHN BERCHMAN'S SANCTUARY SOCIETY



RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY



N the year 1563 the master of one of the grammar classes in the Roman College, John Leunis, S.J., conceived the plan of fostering piety among his pupils by means of a Sodality. He erected

an altar in a class-room, and there students from every class met every afternoon for prayer and spiritual reading. On Sundays and Feasts they recited Vespers and sang hymns to Our Lady. Since that time the Sodality has flourished, until to-day there is not a country which has not within its borders many branches of the favourite

society of Our Lady.

The history of the Sodality at Loyola is as old as that of the College itself, and it has not failed to thrive with the passing years; this year has shown marked progress in true and solid devotion to Our heavenly Mother. The first meeting of the year was held on Sunday, September 18th, 1927, with Rev. Fr. Gasson, S.J., presiding; the following officers were elected for the year: Prefect, G. Tynan; First Assistant, G. Power; Second Assistant, R. Ryan; Secretary, W. E. Elliott. On the next day the new executive appointed the following Sodalists to fill the other offices: Assistant Secretary, J. McIlhone; Treasurer, W. Connor; Assistant Treasurer, M. Gravel; Master of Candidates, C. Rolfe; Sacristan, W. Daly; Assistant Sacristan, C. Hill; Councillors, L. Wolfe,

W. Bland, S. Gorman, R. Kearns, A. Benziger, A. Kennedy; Choir Master, R. Fregeau; Organist, E. George.

The regular meetings were held every Sunday evening at 5.30 o'clock in the College chapel; the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin was recited and a short instruction was given by Fr. Moderator; this was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The instructions were listened to with the greatest attention since they dealt with that question so vital to every boy, Voca-Father Gasson outlined the requirements peculiar to each calling, thus aiding the members to make a wise choice for their life work, a choice they

will not later regret.

Sodality day was celebrated with the usual solemnity on the feast of Our Lady Immaculate. The members assisted at a Solemn High Mass sung by Rev. Fr. Rector, assisted by Fr. Mulcahey, S.J., and Mr. Penfold, S.J. All the members received communion. That evening, at 5 o'clock, the two Sodalities formed in the Junior Hall and marched in procession to the chapel, where an appropriate and inspiring sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Féré, S.J. Seventy-eight new members were received by Fr. Rector, who afterwards gave solemn Benediction. The Sodalists then adjourned to the Refectory, where the Sodality Banquet was served. Fr. Mulcahey, Moderator of the Non-Resident Students' Sodality, represented Fr. Rector and Fr. Gasson.

To Rev. Fr. Gasson, S.J., the Moderator of the Resident Students' Sodality, the members wish to convey their cordial thanks for his untiring efforts in promoting those high ideals which make for the betterment of Catholic Youth.

MARCEL GATIEN, '31.

THE NON-RESIDENT STUDENTS' SODALITY

HE predominant features that have marked the self-sacrificing work of the N.R.S. Sodality this year include an unfailing zeal in devotion to Our Lady on the part of the members, and the reception of thirty-eight new members on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This outnumbers all previous enrolments since the inception of the N.R.S. Sodality in the history of the College.

Rev. Fr. Holland, S.J., who left for England in September, was replaced by Rev. Fr. Mulcahey as Moderator. On September 21st the executive for the year were elected as follows: John Sheridan, Prefect; Gerald Britt, First Assistant; Kevin O'Connor, Second Assistant; Herbert Loucks, Secretary-Treasurer; Quinn Shaughnessy, Master of Candidates; Douglas Sinclair, Sacristan; Harold Tansey, John Mackinnon, Kevin Doherty, Lorne Shaughnessy, Consultors.

The attendance at the regular weekly meetings, held every Wednesday at noon, indicated a splendid sense of responsibility in the performance of duty and a zealous love for Our Blessed Mother, which will not go unrewarded in fighting the battles of life. The deep earnestness with which the Office was recited and the keen interest shown in the inspiring instructions of Fr. Moderator necessitated no admonitions on his

part for a larger attendance. Fr. Mulcahey in guiding and promoting the interests of the Sodality urged the members to be foremost in virtue, to keep the thought of self-conquest uppermost in the mind, and as a soldier in the army of seven million Sodalists, to be a little better than the ordinary Catholic by the frequent reception of Holy Communion, and by being generous in prayer and other timely devotions. To walk always with the Lord, we must love God and our neighbour; and from the exemplary life of St. Paul, Fr. Moderator showed how many worthy incidents in the life of this great Saint could be efficaciously applied to our own lives, to help us never to turn away from

During the illness of Fr. Mulcahev. Fr. Lally carried on the instructional work by unfolding in a very practical and impelling manner the rudimentary principles that should illuminate the life of every Catholic College young man. In speaking on the life of St. Joseph, the Saint of Action, and the Patron of Canada, Fr. Lally reminded us of the promise of a happy death to those who are devoted to the Foster-Father of Jesus. He also in his short talk on the Passion of Our Lord taught us the meaning of ingratitude to One who has done so much for mankind. With an unflinching loyalty to our religion, let our every action tend towards our eternal happiness, and thereby assure the blessing of God on our life's work.

To Fr. Mulcahey and Fr. Lally, both ardent advocators of higher ideals and principles for Catholic youth, the Sodality tenders most sincere expressions of gratitude and appreciation for their truly noble and painstaking efforts and paternal guidance in the acquisition of Christian virtue.

WM. HERBERT LOUCKS, Sec.-Treas.

St. John Berchmans' Society



MEETING of the members of the St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society was held on Sunday evening, September 25th, 1927, to reorganize the Society and to elect the officers for the com-

ing year. Nominations for the various offices were in order, and after the preliminary discussions the following were elected: President, Gilbert Tynan; Vice-President, Maurice Gravel; Arts' Secretary, Lionel Stanford; H. S. Secretary, William Daly; Assistants, Gavan Power, Walter Elliott, Richard Kearns, Arthur Kennedy; Sacristan, Philip Pocock.

As was pointed out at this meeting, the organization was to be measured in terms of quality rather than of quantity; hence the members who were received this year underwent rigorous tests in

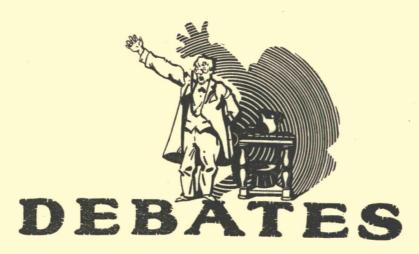
their knowledge of serving at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On November 26th, the feast of St. John Berchmans, S.J., the patron of the Society, the candidates who had successfully passed the examination were officially received by Rev. Father Rector.

During the scholastic year our moderator, Mr. Hourigan, S.J., was called away to teach at Guelph. We here take the opportunity to thank him for his tireless efforts on our behalf, which were greatly appreciated by the members. His position was ably filled by Mr. Carroll, S.J., who was moderator last year.

The annual outing will be held on Ascension day, May 17th. Everything is being done to assure as enjoyable a trip as any made in past years.

LIONEL STANFORD, '29.







OYOLA'S standing in the Inter-University Debating League has always been an honourable one; this year, the College actually surprised its friends and supporters by not winning the cham-

pionship. But the fortunes of war are uncertain, even those of the polite war of words. The final standing of the College was second only to the champions, the representatives of Osgoode Hall of Toronto University.

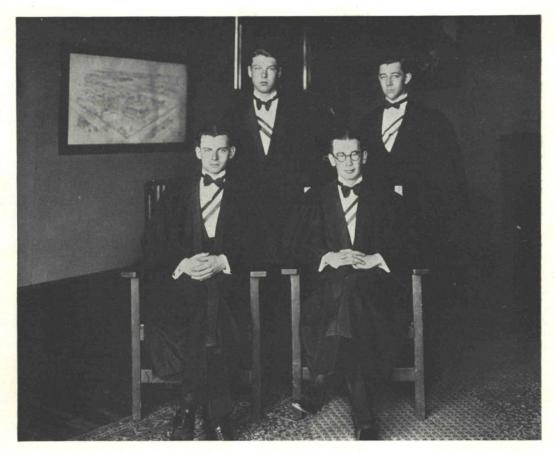
The almost proverbial success of our debating teams abroad is founded on the solid training afforded by weekly practice and reciprocal constructive criticism at home. It should not, therefore, be imagined that the system produces but four or six successful debaters a year; whatever ability is displayed by such as actually appear before the public could be easily equalled and frequently multiplied by many others whom the comparatively small number of extramural debates unfortunately keeps in the background.

This season only six debates took place in public; they were the four within the schedule of the Debating League and two others sponsored by the Knights of Columbus Forum. The following speakers represented Loyola in the League: Messrs. John Sheridan and Quinn Shaughnessy, who constituted the affirmative team, and Messrs. Lewis Phelan and Edward LaPierre, who supported the negative side. The subject chosen by the Executive was, "Resolved that Canada's position on the Council of the League of Nations is inconsistent with her membership in the British Empire."

As may be easily inferred from the very nature and recentness of the subject matter of the debate, considerable research work was required to do justice to either side. The efforts of the participants however were amply rewarded by the general interest taken in the debates both here in Montreal and in Toronto and Lennoxville.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY AT LOYOLA

It is rather unfortunate that the outcome of this debate was later referred to in the press as "a signal victory" for the Loyola team. Unfortunate, because that description might lead one to think that the team from Ottawa presented but little opposition; such emphatically was not the case. The debaters from the capital exposed their argu-



UNIVERSITY DEBATING TEAM

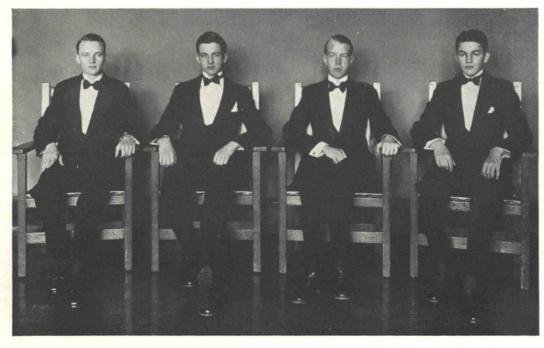


J. WHITELAW

K. of C. DEBATE



W. DOLAN



HIGH SCHOOL DEBATING TEAM

ments with a clarity and an analytical power that might have received greater credit as written than as spoken discourse. If the rather bombastic term must be used at all, it should be taken in the sense of a victory all the more signalized because won against strong opposition and gallant opponents. The following excerpt from the Gazette will give the essential information and an adequate appreciation. "James Murray and Charles Yates brought out the fact that Canada's position as a member of the two organizations—the Council of the League of Nations and the British Empire—was inconsistent because her duty to these organizations conflicted, and because she was not a completely self-governing colony as the constitution of the League demanded as a prerequisite for membership.

Lewis Phelan and Edward LaPierre, who represented Loyola, stated that the Imperial Conferences had made Canada complete mistress of her fate; that her seat in the Council carried with it no greater responsibility than had the one previously occupied in the Assembly, and that the sanction of such men as Lloyd George, Senator Dandurand and Sir Robert Borden to her election was ample evidence that her position in the Council and her membership in the Empire were not inconsistent . . . Mr. Justice Weir, James E. Walsh and Dr. B. A. Conroy, who acted as judges, awarded 541 points to the speakers on the negative side and 467 to those on the affirmative.'

LOYOLA AT BISHOP'S

John Sheridan and Quinn Shaughnessy, Loyola's 1928 affirmative team, were declared victors in the preliminary debate at Lennoxville on Friday, February 17th. Messrs. Jarvis and Rennie, the Bishop's debaters, proved a very strong combination and at all times held the sympathy of a large and patriotic audience. Loyola based their assertion

that Canada's position in the League of Nations was inconsistent on account of the laws which bound her, as a member of the British Empire, to Great Britain. The negative held that the laws which had held Canada subject, now, in fact, bound her no longer and that Canada was following an established precedent. Mr. Sheridan, in a forceful rebuttal, brought out the superiority of law to precedent and showed convincingly that an inconsistency really existed. The decision of the judges was unanimously in favour of Loyola.

LOYOLA AT McMaster's

On March second, Loyola's negative team met McMaster's University in Toronto in the semi-final round of the annual tournament. Loyola was defeated by a majority vote of the judges. Messrs. W. J. Riddiford and C. H. Howard represented McMaster's and the affirmative side. The debate was attended by an appreciative audience and was marked by some animation. It was later ascertained that some of the audience were rather surprised at the outcome. Mr. Riddiford explained that Canada is not a sovereign state in the strictest sense of the word, and as such could not properly be a member of the Council of the League of Nations which makes decisions to which totally independent nations are subject. In reply to this, Mr. Phelan pointed that according to the very Covenant of the League, "not full sovereignty but only full selfgovernment' is required, to be admitted to the Assembly and hence to the Council. He then amplified his thesis with his usual vigour and aplomb. second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. C. H. Howard, much to the surprise of his audience, declared that he found Mr. Phelan's arguments altogether off the point under discussion; he then continued his case for the affirmative. When Mr. LaPierre had spoken for the negative and the refutation was over, the

Chairman announced the decision of the judges. Vocal selections and a reception after the debate added a touch of lightness to the evening's activities.

OSGOODE HALL AT LOYOLA

On March second, 1928, Loyola's affirmative team scored a victory that will be long remembered for many reasons. Opposed by two debaters of four years' experience and upholding a side that laboured under the disadvantage of popular disapproval, they were nevertheless adjudged winners, though by a very close margin. John Sheridan, opening for Loyola, based his case on the definition of "Empire" and showed that a great inconsistency existed on this account. J. A. Kennedy (Loyola, '25) leader of the negative, rejected the definition offered and put forward that adopted by the Imperial Conference, as possessing greater authority. Shaughnessy quoted several authorities to support the contention that a clear inconsistency existed in Canada's inability to declare war and put forward her dependency as another compelling proof. E. Russell Smith, second speaker of the negative, devoted himself mainly to refutation of Affirmative arguments. John Sheridan brought the debate to a close with a clever and convincing rebuttal. The judges, Dr. F. E. Devlin, J. Callaghan, K.C., and Percy Knobbs, F.R.C.S., gave a two to one decision in favour of Loyola. The Hon. Justice C. J. Doherty presided.

THE FORUM DEBATE

On March 25th, the Loyola College debating teams, the same that represented the institution in the Debating League, met each other for the first time and entertained the Forum audience at Columbus Hall with a lively debate on the question of Canada's position on the Council of the League of Nations; the affirmative team, Messrs.

John Sheridan and Quinn Shaughnessy, maintained that the newly acquired seat on the executive of the League is inconsistent with the Dominion's membership in the British Empire; against this stand Messrs. Lewis Phelan and Edward LaPierre contended that there is no such inconsistency at all between Canada's place on the Council and her status in the Empire. All the speakers showed skill in presenting their arguments and holding the attention of a large and distinguished audience. So balanced indeed were the two teams that the judges, Messrs. Fred. J. Hogan, J. E. Walsh, and Robert J. Hart, declared a tie. This ultimate decision reflects equal credit on both teams and rather justified the estimate the Chairman, Mr. Brady, made before the debate opened that the contest was a case of Greek meeting Greek. The College orchestra completed the programme with appropriate and well-rendered selections.

LOYOLA COLLEGE AT THE FORUM

On March 11th, Messrs. Wilfred Dolan and John Whitelaw representing Loyola met and defeated Messrs. J. Laffoley and F. H. Hogan of the Knights of Columbus Public Speaking Class. This class, under the able direction of Mr. F. J. Hogan, is one of the more recent undertakings of the Knights and, as the Gazette of the following day very justly remarks, "The audience by their applause showed more sympathy with the losing side, for the reason that the two representatives of the Knights of Columbus public-speaking class made such a good stand against their more experienced rivals." M. A. Phelan, K.C., presided; Messrs. J. P. Callaghan and J. E. Walsh and Professor Sugars of McGill acted as judges. The question read:"Resolved that the St. Lawrence Waterways Scheme is in the best interests of Canada." Mr. Dolan led off with a well thought out argument for the affirmative; he was followed by Mr. F. H. Hogan, who summed up the project by saying that it is an attempt on the part of the United States to get control of Canada's canals; Mr. Whitelaw continued the argument for the affirmative; he stressed the fact that the Maritime Provinces would profit by the project and that Montreal would develop into a world port. Then the second speaker for the negative concluded the debate; he claimed that Canada cannot at her present stage of development use all the power that the proposed system would incidentally produce; the great surplus then would be expended in the United States, thereby giving to that country the greater benefit of Canadian electric energy. The chairman then announced the decision of the judges which was unanimously in favour of the affirmative team from Loyola. The College orchestra entertained the audience during the intervals.

> R. FREGEAU, '28, Secretary of the Loyola College Debating Society.

The Forum

The value and even the necessity of public speaking is daily becoming more palpably evident. It was with this in view that the Freshmen, under the guidance of Mr. Penfold, S.J., met on October 5th, 1925, to found the Forum, the purpose of which is to foster fluency in oratory, as well as to afford its members an opportunity of acquiring information about useful subjects, both

of these purposes to be realized through the medium of formal debates.

During the scholastic year '25-'26 the Society flourished and abundant fruit was reaped; indeed, when we consider how ably and successfully the founders of the Forum have taken their place in the College Debating Society, our own Society should be a source of pride, a spur to perseverance and a mark of encouragement both to present and future members.

The members of Sophomore and Freshman met on September 19th, 1927, to reorganize the Society, and the following officers were elected: President, Kevin O'Connor; Vice-President, John MacKinnon; Secretary, Walter E. Elliott; Sergeant-at-Arms, Quain McCarrey. Many interesting questions were debated, and before long a marked improvement was shown by the speakers. At one of the meetings Rev. Fr. Nelligan, S.J., the Moderator, gave an interesting talk on "Football, the College and the College Student". Mr. Haynes' talk on "Coaching from the side-lines" was especially enjoyed by the members.

Now that the Society has completed another year's work, we have an opportunity of knowing what it has accomplished. That progress, and great progress, has been made is undoubted. It need hardly be said that the officials of the Forum have acquitted themselves admirably of their duties towards the members. We feel certain that the members of the Society will ably uphold the high standard of the College Debating Society when they are called upon to glorify their Alma Mater in the contests for the Debating Championship of the Dominion.

J. M. GATIEN, '31



The Orchestra

MPORTANT as music's present is, there must be considered its future. Compared with what we now have at Loyola College, and with what appears reasonable to anticipate, bygone efforts and achievements seem slender. Yet they served, as did those of a still earlier period. What the music situation of Loyola will be thirty years hence must be left to conjecture. Hopes may be realized, perhaps expectations.

At present Loyola has an orchestra to be proud of. Eminent critics have given us their word that it is superior to that of any other College in the Province of Quebec, and we owe this almost entirely to our zealous instructor, Professor Jean Drouin, President of the Musicians' Union of Montreal.

We do not claim to be jazz artists. We are musicians of no mean ability. We endeavour to please all without descending to a low level; but we must bear in mind that no matter how hard one tries to please, there will always be the great "Some" who will not be pleased. There are people who do not get the quiver of a shiver from Shubert's Melodies, but are carried into raptures by "Over There." Nor must we forget those wholly unaffected by either. Human predilections pass human understanding. The woman who thought Mesopotamia the loveliest word in the Bible can shake hands with the man who considered the police officer's whistle the sweetest breath that ever blew! And, remember that at Loyola we have a variety of likes and dislikes

We have tried our utmost to bring out the beautiful in music. And I

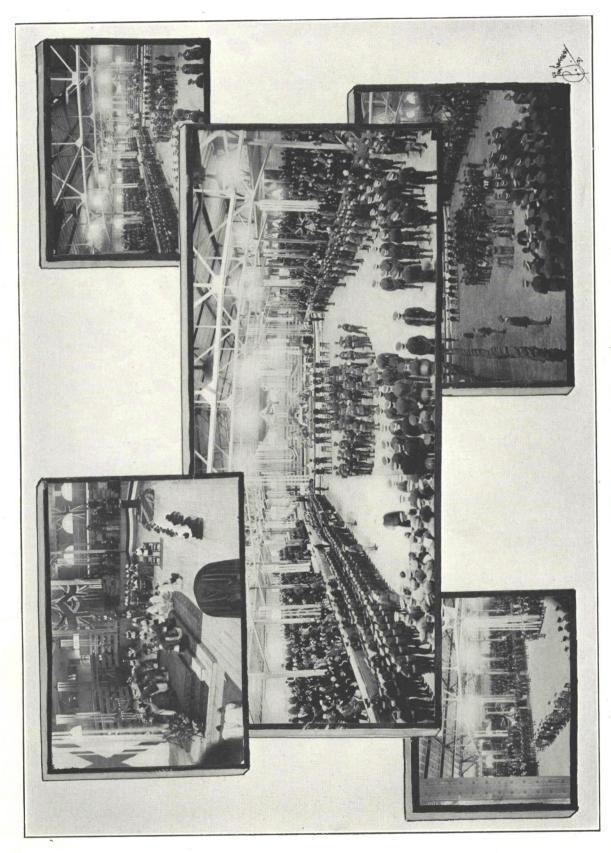
think we have made a fair success, judging from the different criticisms received. On rehearsal days go to the music room; what do you hear? The best compositions of Shubert, Paderewski and a host of others.

It has long been one of the greatest tragedies in modern Colleges that the Arts, which ought to provide nothing but happiness and delight for us all, are often a lure to failure and misery. All of us who are interested in the development of music at Loyola hope to avoid for our College as much of this old tragedy as we can.

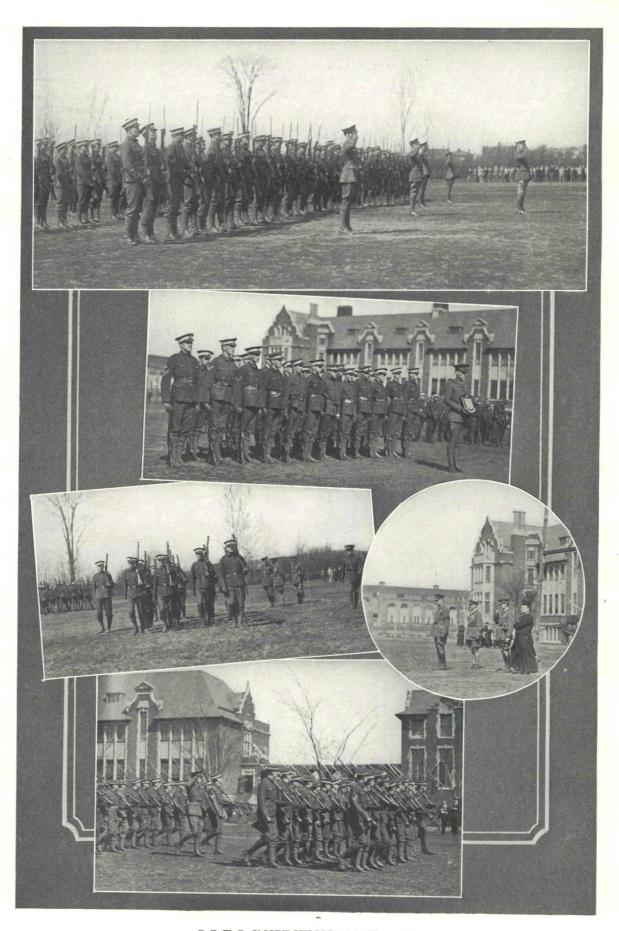
One must by no means get the impression that our Orchestra is a fleeting venture. It is with us to stay, to go on improving with the years. Though it has attained success, its history is marked throughout by idealism and perseverance in overcoming obstacles.

This year we have presented a number of first class programmes. Our first appearance was at the Windsor Hotel, when we played a number of selections worthy of a leading symphony. Again, the annual Sailors' Concert was a noted success; but the crown of all successes for us was our 'Music Week Programme.' The rendering of Beethoven's Minuet was so perfect that the audience of music lovers insisted on its repetition.

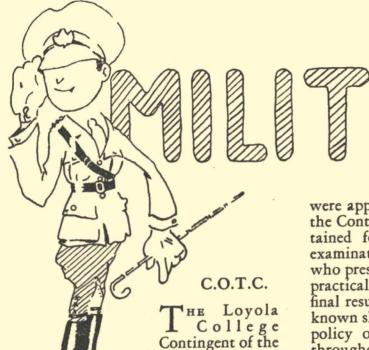
All this augurs well for our future; and as I said in the beginning, important as music's present is there must be considered its future. We feel sure, that with continued interest and co-operation, we will realize our hopes and expectations.



MILITARY MASS—JUNE 4TH, 1927



C.O.T.C. INSPECTION—MAY, 1928



Canadian Officers

Training Corps

resumed activities

in September when the initial turn-out surpassed all former records for attendance. Immediate advantage was taken of the improved Miniature Rifle Range and within a remarkably short time many proved themselves to be proficient shots, thus testifying to the zeal with which they applied themselves and reflecting great credit upon their instructors.

During the year more time than usual was devoted to platoon and company drill, with the result that the Corps presented itself for the Annual Inspection in the best form witnessed in several seasons.

In the examination held in March, 1927, the successful candidates for Certificate "A" were W. Dolan, '28; R. McQuillan, '28; G. Power, '29; and R. Bailey, '29; they thereby qualified themselves for appointments as Lieutenants of Infantry in the Canadian Non-Permanent Militia, or corresponding force in any part of the British Empire. Last Fall, Messrs. Dolan, Power, and Bailey

were appointed platoon commanders in the Contingent. Great hopes are entertained for the results of this year's examinations. The sixteen candidates who presented themselves all passed the practical and drill examinations. The final results of the written tests will be known shortly; the delay being due to a policy of uniform marking of papers throughout the Empire, to ensure which all are sent to the War Office, London.

Cuthlant Scotty

The annual training terminated with an inspection on May 8th by General W. B. M. King, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., D.O.C., M.D. No. 4, who awarded to No. 3 Platoon the McCrory Shield for being the smartest on parade. The Five Dollar Gold Piece, offered as a prize for the smartest man on parade was won by Kevin O'Connor of No. 3 Platoon. The officers and men of the Loyola C.O.T.C. wish to extend their sincere thanks to Major E. T. Reynolds, Officer Commanding, and to Captain E. G. O'Brien, Second in Command, for the continued interest taken in the Corps throughout the year. This opportunity is taken gratefully to acknowledge the deep interest and practical support afforded by Headquarters, Military District No. 4. To Captain E. P. Poirier, M.M., our thanks are due for the Tactical Lectures, and for the efficiency in drill attained by the Contingent to Sergeant-Major Cavan, R.C.R., instructor for the Contingent.

EDWIN. L. MURPHY, '29, Lieutenant.

Cadet Corps

URING the year 1928 the Loyola High School Cadet Corps worthily upheld the reputation and traditions of former years. The staff of officers for the past year is as follows: Cadet Major, George McVey; Cadet Captain, Maurice Gravel; Cadet Lieutenant, Jack Belair; Cadet Lieutenant, Brendan O'Connor; Cadet Lieutenant, Clarence Quinlan; Cadet Lieutenant, William Rigney.

Up to the time of writing the Loyola Cadets have not had their Inspection or Church Parade; hence it is impossible to make any comment on the results of the year's work, as the Review goes to

press before these events occur.

The College this year supplied the Corps with a new firing range, which

was greatly appreciated by the Cadets, for under the capable and efficient instruction of Captain Murtagh, each man acquired good marksmanship, and could at a moment's notice uphold Loyola's reputation on the firing range against any other Cadet Corps in the district. The organization of a First Aid Class and Signalling Corps has been contemplated, but unfortunately the project could not be carried out. However, it is hoped that these new departments will be inaugurated during the coming year.

Great credit and sincere thanks are due to Major Long and Captain Murtagh for their untiring devotedness in training the Cadets.

G. A. McVEY, H.S. '28







HE first meeting of the K.Π.Σ. was held on the evening of September The main 18th, 1927. purpose of this assembly was to elect officers for the coming season. John Cummins, '28, occupied

the Chair.

The following were elected to guide the destinies of the Club: President, Raymond Frégeau; Vice-President, Wilfred Dolan; Secretary, Arthur Donohue; Treasurer, Harold McCarrey; Consultors, Gavan Power, Quain McCarrey, William George.

The next business on hand was the furnishing and decorating of our new Club room in the Administration Building. This was entrusted to our President, who performed his task in a very

satisfactory manner.

After the Christmas examinations a bridge tournament was held under the direction of Gavan Power, E. Murphy and A. Donohue. There were about thirty contestants, and competition was not lacking at any time. Gavan Power and E. Murphy finally won out.

The Annual Smoker Banquet, thanks to Harold McCarrey and Wilfred Dolan, was heartily enjoyed by all present. Father Cloran and Father Mulcahey were guests of honour, as were also the Intermediate Intercollegiate Football team, who were presented with their block "L's" at the conclusion of the dinner by Father Cloran. Father Cloran congratulated the team on their excellent playing and splendid sportsmanship in reaching the finals. Father

Mulcahey then delivered one of his humourous after-dinner speeches, which was very much enjoyed. The President than thanked Father Cloran for his kind co-operation throughout the year, whether in Athletics or Club activities.

Rev. Father Rector was present at the final meeting, which was held on Sunday, April 30th. After the minutes had been read by the Secretary, Mr. LaPierre and Mr. Cummins cleverly entertained the members for the best part of the evening. Father Rector congratulated the members on their splendid achievements during the year. And so the final meeting of a successful year came to a close.

ARTHUR DONOHUE, '28.

1 1 1 T.O.A. TAU THETA PHI

THE following officers were elected soon after the reopening of classes: W. Bland, President; M. Gravel, Vice-President; K. Scott, Treasurer; A. Kennedy, Secretary. The Club-room has been completely renewed and made very attractive and comfortable by the addition of tables and arm-chairs, besides other decorative furnishings.

A tobogganing party and a Winter carnival were held under the auspices of the Club. An excellent spirit of cooperation between members and clubofficers has been a noteworthy characteristic of the Club this year. Thanks are due to our genial Moderator for the keen interest he has shown in bringing the Club through the year with such marked success. W. BLAND, Sec'y.

THE INTERMEDIATE CLUB

URING the past year the Intermediate Club has come into prominence in Loyola College High School activities. Many recreation periods were made pleasant both for club members and non-members. The entertainment afforded by the Club's Motion Picture Projector was interesting as well as instructive. Moreover, a Piano and an Orthophonic, acquired this year, were greatly appreciated by all.

Our progress was due entirely to the members' co-operation with the Moderator. The few pioneer members got together at the beginning of the year, and exhibited such spirit and zeal that the Club membership soon began to increase, until at the present time we have over fifty really live and energetic members on the roll.

The Club will continue to progress if the members live up to the Club motto: "Friendship"! A friendship which brings us together, which teaches us to work together and play together, will, if fostered, remain with us throughout our lifetime.

WM. DALY, President.

THE JUNIOR CLUB

NEW institution has come into being at Loyola College: The Junior Club.

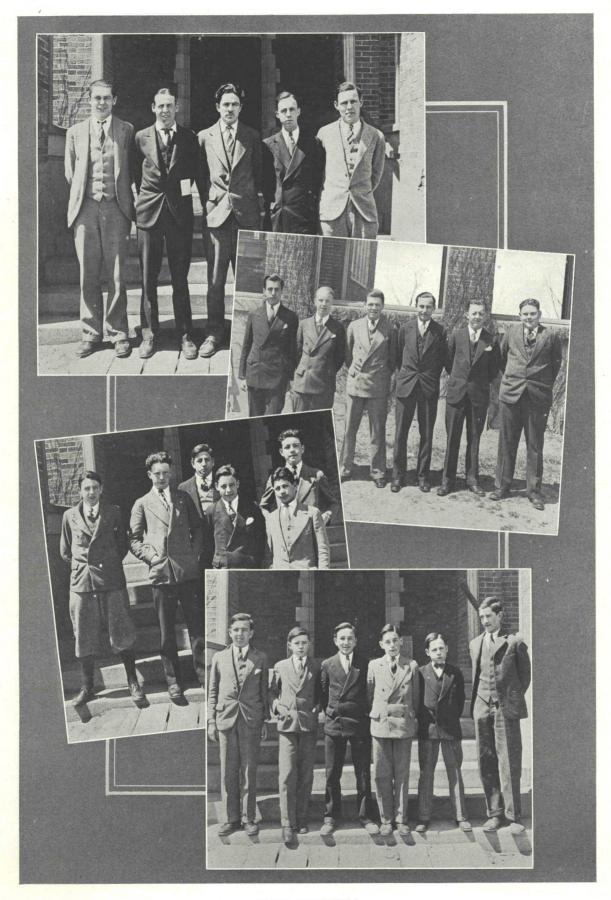
Through the efforts of the moderator, and with the kind permission of Fr. Rector, the Club was formed during the winter, the following being elected officers: President, Barry O'Brien; Vice-President, Henry Harwood; Secretary, Maurice Brabant; Treasurer, Ronald Stanford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jacques Buisson; Councillors, J. O'Brien, J. Dussault, H. Weir.

The Club is a success from every point of view, and we owe a sincere vote of thanks to those who have made it possible. We hope that it will last as long as the College, and that it will bring many a blessing upon its members present and future.

The club-room is something to be proud of. It is well decorated, as will be seen from the picture, and it helps to make College life more of a home life. We are grateful for the many fine donations received from the boys' parents. The list of the first members of the Club is given below: B. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, H. Harwood, M. Brabant, E. Costello, J. Buisson, J. Dussault, A. Lippert, H. Weir, W. Hart, A. Thomas, W. Cook, R. Stanford, Ed. George, P. E. Grothé, C. Filteau, G. Collins.

HENRY HARWOOD.

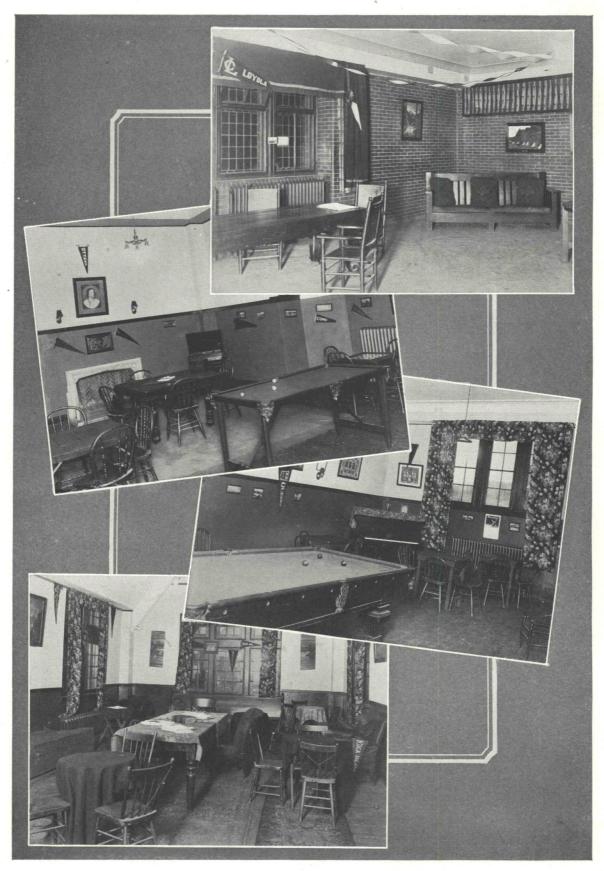




K. II. Σ .
Intermediate Club

CLUB OFFICERS

Т.Ө.Ф. Junior Club



Junior Club K.Π.Σ. Club

T.Ө.Ф. Club Intermediate Club



Exchanges



HE thirty years of Loyola's existence have not been too few to win for its Review a world-wide circulation. Our exchanges come not only from all parts of North America, from Ireland and from Great Britain, but from regions even more remote—from the monsoon areas of the Indian Empire and from the palm-groved

slopes of the Philippines. Apart from the extension of Loyola's name to these far distant lands, we have cause to rejoice in the friendships we are fostering with all these Colleges and Universities. We thank the different Reviews for their notes of encouragement and congratulation as well as for their helpful criticisms. Space does not allow us, unfortunately, to comment on all the exchanges we have received; but we invite all to favour us again with their excellent publication, and to all we wish every degree of success for the coming year.

Nardin (Buffalo, N.Y.). This quarterly well deserves the name of a literary magazine. The richness and depth of thought of its poems and variety of its contents all tend to make this publication very interesting and instructive. Indeed the Nardin must feel very proud of its poets and literary men. The events of College life are well described while the literary articles prove most interesting to outsiders. We would suggest that you devote more space to photographs.

The Green and White (De La Salle College, Manila, P.I.). We are indeed delighted with the monthly periodical of De La Salle College. We congratulate the staff on the arrangement of the contents. We would prefer to see their advertisements grouped together. However the editorial department deserves much credit, and the literary ability of the writers ranks very high. Why not a few more illustrations?

Belvederian (Belvedere College, Dublin). This magazine is very well written, and well balanced in all its departments. Its photographs are very well done and generally interesting. But from an Irish College, why not more Literature? Surely the spirit of the Irish Poet has not grown weary! We appreciated the essay on the Renaissance in Italy and would like to see you introduce more essays into your magazine. Your few pages of Gaelic were a novelty to us Canadians. We congratulate the editors on their work, and we hope to keep the Belvederian on our exchange for many years to come.

West Hill High School Annual (Montreal). We feel very proud indeed in welcoming this annual to our shelf. The editors are to be congratulated on the success they have attained in their first attempt. Its many topics of general as well as local interest are excellently dealt with. We would sug-

gest that you devote more space to literary reviews and that you classify your advertisements in one group instead of scattering them throughout.

Folia Montana (Mount St. Vincent, Halifax, N.S). We liked your magazine, but would like to see more illustrations in it. Your work has a serious tone and is to be commended for that; but why not add just a little fun? Keep up the good work and your magazine will rank among the first.

Garland (Marymount College, Salina, Kansas). An interesting magazine with a distinct note of its own. The photography department is to be congratulated. The general layout is well executed, and the cover is very distinctive.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks and congratulations the following exchanges:

Belvederian, Belvedere College, Dublin, Ireland.
Boston College Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.
Campion, Campion College, Regina, Sask.
Clongownian, Clongowes Wood College, Dublin, Ireland.
College Times, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.
Collège Ste. Marie, St. Mary's College, Montreal, Que.
Folia Montana, Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax, N.S.
Garland, Marymount College, Salina, Kansas.
Grumber, Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate, Kitchener,

Green and White, De La Salle College, Manila, P.I.

Lower Canada College Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.

Magnet, Jarvis Street Collegiate, Toronto, Ont.

McGill Annual, McGill University, Montreal, Que.

Mitre, University of Lennoxville, Lennoxville, Que.

Mungret Annual, Mungret College, Limerick, Ireland.

Nardin Quarterly, Nardin Academy, Buffalo, N.Y.

Notre Dame, Marguerite Bourgeois College, Montreal, Que.

Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood C.I., Toronto, Ont.

Providencian, Providence Academy, Vancouver, Washington.

Purple and Gold, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vermont.

Rainbow, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont.

Red and White, St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, PRI

St. Joseph's Lillies, St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Ont.

St. Mary's College Review, St. Mary's College, Brockville, Ont. Stonyhurst Magazine, Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, England.

University of Toronto Monthly, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

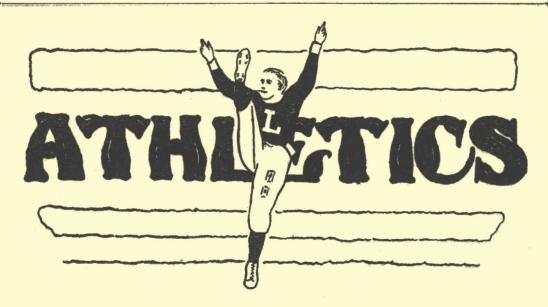
West Hill High School Annual, West Hill High, Montreal, Que.

Xaverian, St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, India.

Vox Lycei, Ottawa Lisgar Street Collegiate Institute, Ottawa,

Xaverian, St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, N.S. Xavier, Xavier H.S., New York, N.Y.

CLAYTON J. ROLFE, '28.



The L.C.A.A.



N Monday, May 2nd, 1927, the annual election of the executive of the L.C.A.A. took place. Mr. Cotter, S.J., who is now completing his second year as Moderator, was present. The

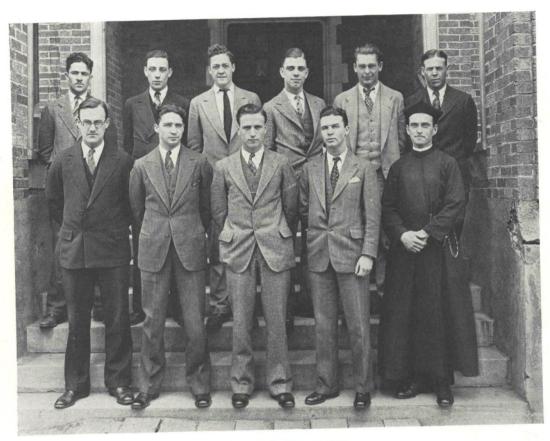
chair was occupied by Edward Cannon, the outgoing president. Much interest centered about the choice of officers. The acclaim awarded Rodolphe Timmins on his election to the presidency was indicative of the popularity of the choice. Wilfred Dolan was officially enrolled as Vice-President. The others elected were the following: Secretary, Jack Whitelaw, '29; Treasurer, Gilbert Tynan, '28; Resident Councillors, Harold McCarrey, '28; Ray Frégeau, '28; Quain McCarrey, '30. Non-Resident Councillors, Eugene Savard, '29, George Pigeon, '29; George McVey, '32.

The Junior Rugby team struggled valiantly through their schedule of games, but were eliminated from the Provincial Title by McGill. The Intermediate hockey sextette put up a stellar exhibition of hockey throughout the season, with the result that the team,

following the example set by the Rugbyists, entered the Intermediate Intercollegiate finals. This title went to Varsity, but only after a memorable battle, the game being won by a very close margin. The Juniors were not quite so successful in the hockey world, but gave a creditable account of themselves in the Junior City League by offering stiff opposition to their opponents.

The Basketball quintette, according to all reports, have added many victories to their already accumulated laurels. The members of the team deserve great praise for their admirable display, for it must be remembered that they are seriously handicapped through the lack of proper practising facilities. However, it is safe to augur that with the continuance of such perseverance, basketball is bound to win a place of prominence among Loyola's athletics.

At the present moment the Campus offers a vivid spectacle of aspirants for the Lacrosse, Track and Baseball teams. The popularity of Lacrosse has been ever increasing, with the result that an extensive schedule has been arranged. The track aspirants, under the careful



L.C.A.A. EXECUTIVE



THE ORCHESTRA



eye of Mr. Eddie Kearns, are hard at work conditioning themselves for the Field Day. The arrangements under way for a baseball schedule point to the fact that the players will have a busy session.

The Tennis Courts are fast developing into good playing condition and should present a smooth surface for the Annual Tennis Tournament.

Enough cannot be said in appreciation for the untiring efforts of Messrs. W. Munro, College Rugby Coach; Willard Crocker, High School Rugby Coach; Paul Noble, Hockey Coach, and Eddie Kearns, Track Coach. They have given of their time unsparingly, and our success in these branches are in great measure due to their guidance.

Might we also add a word of gratitude to the many friends of Loyola's Athletic activities for their hearty support. We only hope that with the coming year we shall be able to repay them in some tangible way by bringing a Dominion Championship to Loyola.

In closing the above report, the executive feels proud of its record and feels certain that the incoming executive may look very optimistically towards next year's athletic successes.

> JACK C. WHITELAW, Secretary L.C.A.A.

Intermediate Intercollegiate Rugby

7HEN the curtain lifted on the activities of the College year at Loyola, the football squad was found to be already working hard for what proved to be the most surpriing season of any in the athletic history of the College.

Faced with the serious task of filling the gaps left by the graduation of eight stars of last year's Varsity squad, the outlook from a managerial and coaching point of view was anything but encouraging; however, the weighty burden fell on shoulders capable of coping with the situation. In the persons of Coach "Bill" Munro and managers "Bill" Dolan and Jack Whitelaw, Loyola was fortunate in having three men who could grapple with the situation, and by their efficiency and ability mould a squad, made up in great part of new and untried material, into a fighting team worthy of the honour of being Intermediate Intercollegiate finalists.

The cheerfulness and determination of the coach and managers found its response in the enthusiasm displayed by the squad in their pre-season training. It soon became evident that in spite of gloomy forecasts, the maroon and white would again be worn by men well qualified to uphold the high standards set by their predecessors.

The real ability, however, of the newly welded machine to combine and work together as a unit, its mettle and its stamina had yet to be put to the test by the gruelling two-game-a-week schedule necessary to complete six games before the date set by the C.I.R.F.U. for

the Provincial Championships.

From this the squad emerged victorious, defeating University of Montreal decisively, taking two straight games from their traditional rivals, University of Lennoxville, and dividing the honours in the games with McGill, securing, however, a wide margin in total points scored. Thus Loyola for the third successive year had acquired the undisputed claim to the intermediate leader-

ship of the Province.

Even at this time there began to be talk of Dominion Finals, though there was still an obstacle in the path in the form of R.M.C. The team continuing the two-game-a-week programme, travelled to Kingston on a Wednesday, and, though leading in the early stages of the game, was forced to concede a victory to its heavier opponents. Loyola's spirit was not dampened by this set-back; the team returned to Montreal determined to overcome the Soldiers' lead. On the following Saturday the teams met again in what was probably the hardest fought and most exciting gridiron battle ever witnessed on the College Campus. Starting the game with the necessity of overcoming the six-point advantage R.M.C. had acquired in the previous game, the Maroon squad forced the play from the very kick-off which went for a rouge. Suffice it to say that before the end of the first quarter the score on the first series was tied, and in the second Loyola took a one-point lead, only to have the Cadets, in the third period, tie and in turn take command by a single point, with the changing ends for the final quarter. Loyola once more assumed the upper hand to equal the score, but it was not till the last five minutes that the winning rouge was counted.

This success gave the squad of 1927 the right to enter the Intercollegiate finals and also gave them the honour of being the first Maroon team to accomplish this since Loyola first entered the Intermediate ranks in 1924.

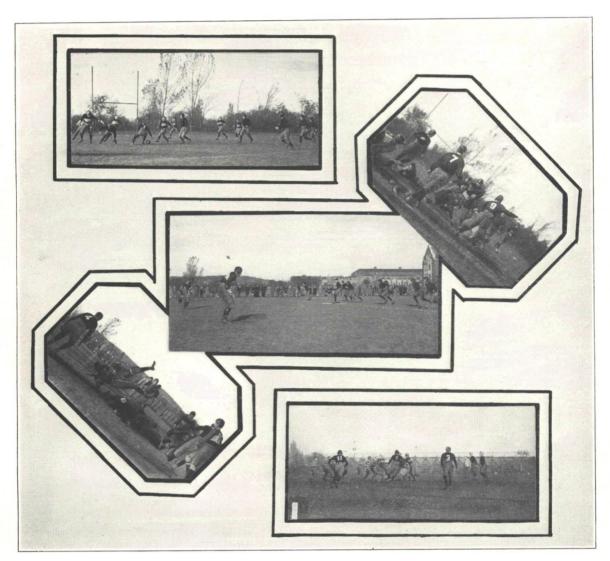
In the finals Loyola met University of Western Ontario. The first game was played in London, the Episcopal See of Bishop Fallon, whose great fame as a Ruler of the Church has not erased the memory of his prowess as a football player when a student at Ottawa College. The titular was waged before the largest crowd known in many years

to witness such an event in Western Ontario, and from the first to the final whistle the spectators were furnished with a fine brand of fast, open football in which extension plays and the ærial game predominated. From this encounter Western emerged victorious by a score of 7-1. After the game the squad had the singular honour of being Bishop's guests at St. Peter's Seminary, and this in itself made the trip one that will not easily be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present.

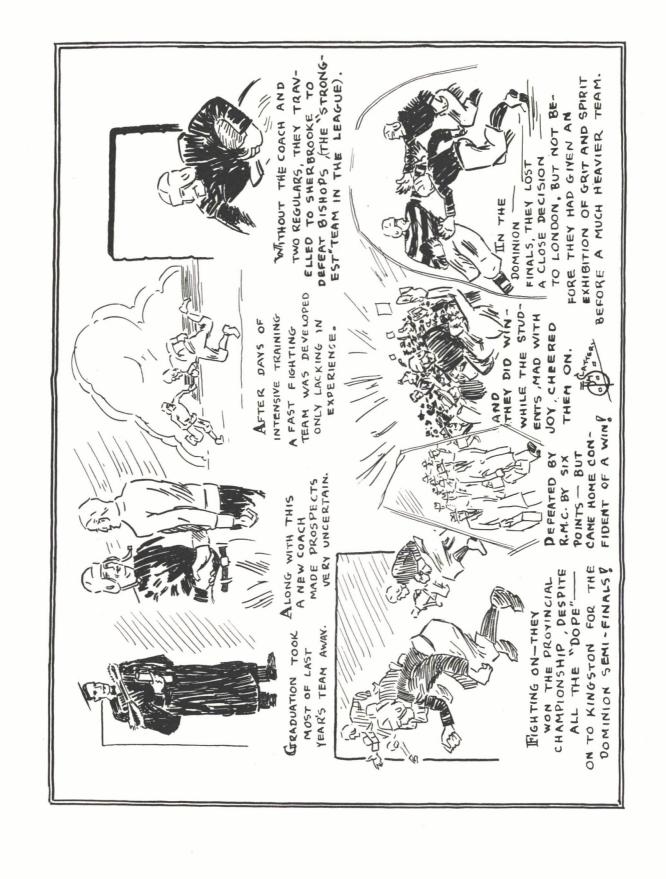
Loyola made a final bid for Intermediate honours at the Percival Molson Stadium, one week later, in a game which clearly showed the fighting spirit for which the College is noted. Starting the game six points down, the team held their opponents scoreless throughout the first half of the game, on a muddy field which necessitated the greater part of the attack to be carried on by heavy line plunging and punting. Till the very last second of play the squad fought tooth and nail and before admitting defeat forced the Londoners to extend themselves to the limit of their ability. It is no discredit to Loyola to concede the Intermediate Intercollegiate Championship to the University of Western Ontario, for the present titleholders are a fast and well-balanced team, whose ability throughout the season have shown them entirely worthy of the honours they have at-

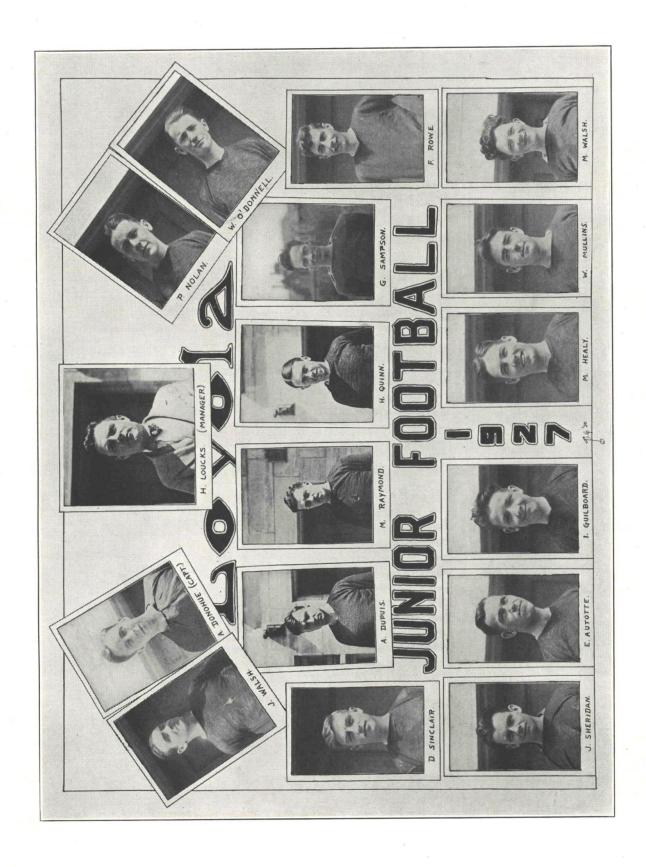
Great credit must be given to Bill Munro for the untiring energy and whole-hearted enthusiasm which he put into the work of building up and forming the team, as well as to the managers for the very capable manner in which they carried out their many and varied duties.

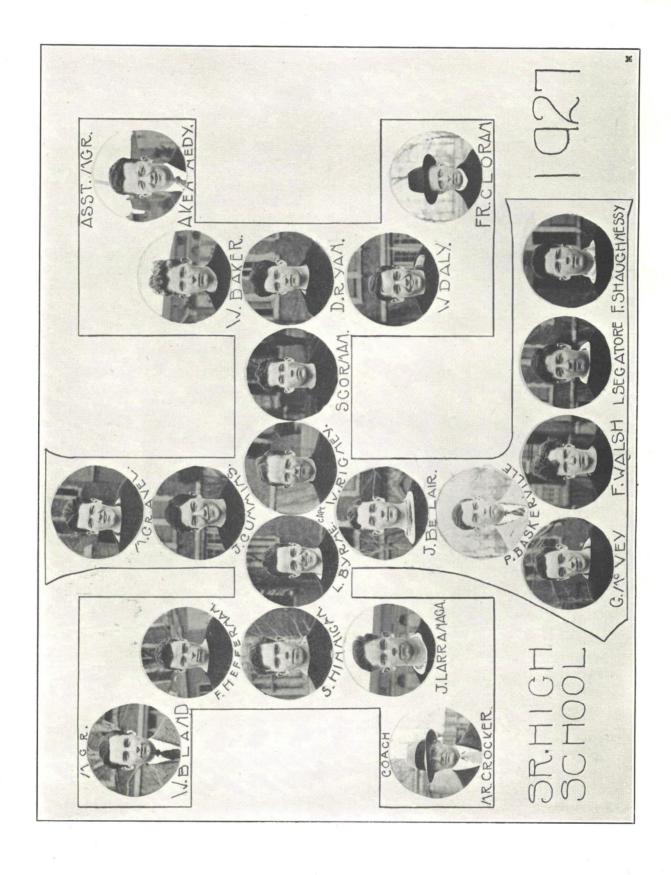
The squad consisted of the following: Halves: Tynan, Savard, McAlear, Q. McCarrey, Lanthier, Beaubien. Quarter: Haynes, Slattery. Snap: H. McCarrey, Mullally. Insides: Shaughnessy, Power, W. George, Cogan. Middles: Pigeon,



LOYOLA INTERMEDIATE RUGBY, 1927







O'Connor, Starr, McCoy. Outsides: Timmins, Munich, Cummins, E. George, Gareau.

It would be but just to add a few lines about each individual member of the team; however, as space will not permit this, we must content ourselves with a few brief remarks about those who, in June, will write *finis* to their career at Loyola, and leave the others to add fresh glory to their fame before entering them on these pages.

GIBBY TYNAN, captain and half-back of this year's team, has been an athlete of marked ability ever since his earliest days at Loyola. First as an outside wing, and later as a half-back, he has been famed for his line-plunging and speed, while his tackling has been for many years one of the bulwarks of Loyola's secondary defence. The gridiron, however, cannot lay sole claim to his achievements, for he has been an outstanding figure in Baseball, Track and Hockey, as well as in many other College activities. His graduation not only marks the passing of the last member of the famous squad of '23 which brought to Loyola the Junior Dominion Championship, but the loss of a man who has been one of the most enthusiastic backers of any project which made for the greater good of the College.

HAROLD McCarrey has played either snap or middle wing since Loyola entered Intermediate ranks in 1924. His ball-carrying soon singled him out as a star, and it was principally as a middle that he wore the maroon jersey throughout the seasons of '24 and '25. A broken ankle kept him out of football for the major portion of the following year and this was a serious setback to the team. 1927 found him at snap, a position which gave ample scope to his steady passing and defensive ability. Always a sure tackler, his keen football sense enabled him to detect the point of attack in his opponents' play before

they were fully under way and, consequently, Harold was found at the bottom of most scrimmages. This football sense, coupled with inveterate coolness and presence of mind, made him a great steadying influence when the team was in tight corners. His place will be hard to fill not only in football, but also in hockey and baseball.

JOHN CUMMINS, who hails from the republic to the South, has learned his football from his High School up, at Loyola. A fast and spectacular tackler, John has always been in the limelight as an outside wing from his days of Intra-mural football until he made the Junior squad in 1924. Two years in Junior company clearly showed his play to be of Intermediate calibre. Since 1926 he has held down an outside wing berth on the first team, and has made many a spectator thrill with delight and many an opposing halfback lose all interest in further progress Through his with a flying tackle. graduation, we lose not only a fine football player, but also one of our tennis stars, for John is one of the leading netmen of the College.

NED LANTHIER is another athlete who has coupled tennis and hockey with football. Last fall, after a year in Junior company, where he was one of the outstanding half-backs of a fast and aggressive team, he joined the Intermediate ranks and proved himself a great asset to the team. The possession of a sure pair of hands made his catching and passing a treat to watch and gave added confidence to the line players in front of him. His favourite occupation while on the defensive was nipping opposing extension plays in the bud with tackles of the shoe-string variety and his keen eye for holes in the opposing line made his plunging a great ground-gaining factor.

BILL DOLAN, our manager, has performed the duties of that office in a manner which for unsparing effort and efficiency, will be hard to surpass. Taking over executive duties at a time when the prospects were anything but favourable, his constant optimism and ability to overcome all obstacles went a long way towards the success of the

season. When June brings to a close his four years at Loyola, it will create a vacancy not only in executive positions but also on the Hockey team, of which he was a prominent member, as well as in Baseball and Lacrosse.

Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey

AGAIN Loyola lived up to her reputation as "Makers of Champions" in Intercollegiate circles. In losing the Dominion Championship to Toronto Varsity, Loyola proved

her sportsmanship in defeat as well as in victory.

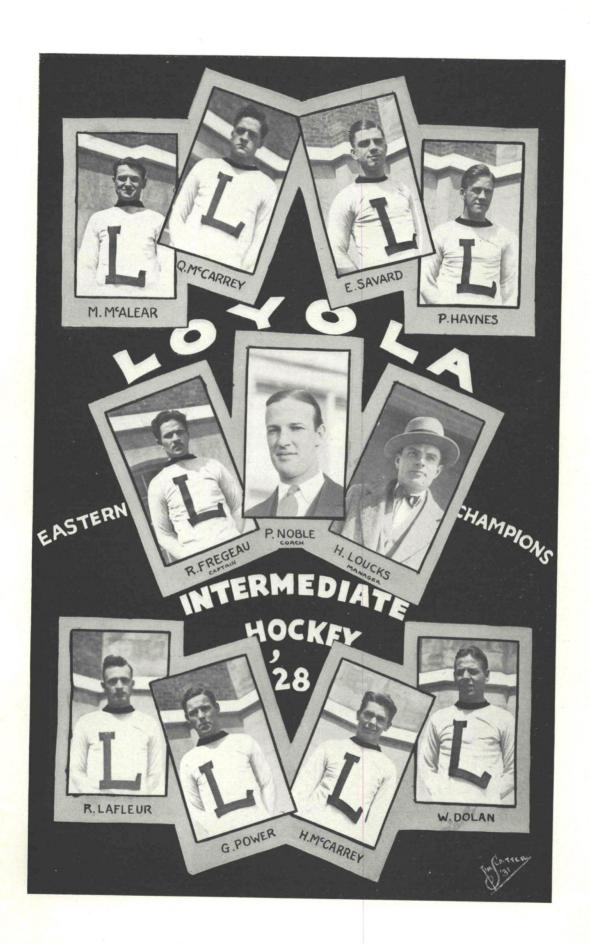
The record of the team includes seven victories, two defeats, and two tie games, all due in no small degree to the conscientious efforts and excellent handling of Coach Paul Noble, who needs no introduction to the friends of Loyola. In his second season in the capacity, Paul has a mighty record chalked up, and should he pilot the team again next year—and we earnestly hope that he will—we can look forward to the Dominion title resting for the first time with Loyola.

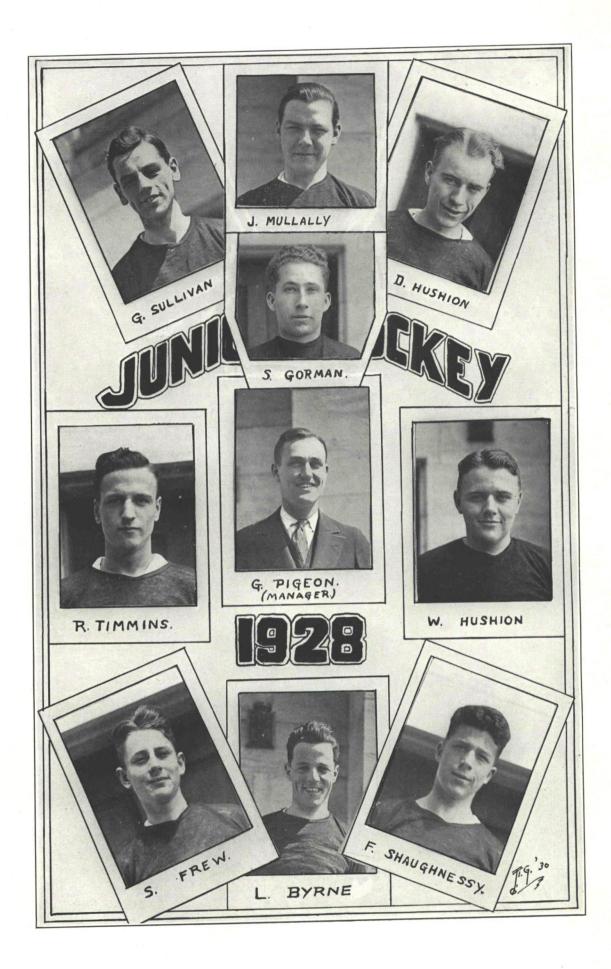
In the Eastern section, the maroon team emerged victorious in both contests with McGill. In a wide open game in which defensive tactics were flung to the winds, Loyola by tallies from the sticks of Lafleur, Frégeau, and Savard, tucked away number one victory, 3-2. The features of the season's first game were the outstanding performance of the rival goalkeepers, and the remarkable absence of penalties. The return game at the Forum, strictly defensive throughout, was won by

Loyola on a sizzling shot from the blue line, by Gene Savard.

The U. of M. series resulted in Loyola again showing her superiority, in handing out two defeats to the French team. The score, 5-1 and 5-0, give a fair indication of the difference between the two teams. In both games U. of M. were handicapped by lack of substitutes and deserve commendation for the "Never Say Die'' spirit which characterized their play. The combination and accurate shooting of Lafleur, Dolan, and McAlear was responsible for the Loyola victory in the first game, while in the second Paul Noble proved that his double shift forward line was hard to beat. Frégeau, Gagné and Haynes gave dazzling exhibitions of stick-handling and the 360-pound defence gave Mc-Carrey a comparatively easy time in the nets.

The Bishop's series proved the most interesting. Two wins, a loss and a draw gave Loyola the championship of the Eastern section. The first game played at the Sherbrooke Arena resulted in Loyola downing their keen rivals 6-3. Victory in this game can be attributed to superior conditions and better team play. Klein, Bishop's goalkeeper, showed a noticeable lack of practice and Haynes and Frégeau with a brace of goals, and Gagné and McAlear with one apiece, made the evening very miserable for him. "Bill" Dolan, who was now rounding into form, engin-





eered the plays that resulted in Frégeau tallying. The return game played at Loyola Stadium ended in a draw, 1-1, but since the ice was not available for overtime, the game was ordered to be replayed. In the replay Loyola suffered her first defeat of the season, 3-1, and Bishop's forced a tie in the final league standing, by reason of two fairly lucky goals. The scoreless first period was slightly in favour of Bishop's, but two minutes after the middle frame had begun, Gagné secured the puck at centre, rushed quickly and faking a pass got right through to beat Klein for the first goal. Five minutes later Blinco stick-handled his way through the entire Loyola team and, with H. Mc-Carrey at his mercy, tied the count. Again, a few minutes later Blinco pounced on a loose puck and put Bishop's one up. The last one to beat McCarrey went in off McAlear's skate. Loyola commanded the play in the third period, but Klein was unbeatable. Unfortunately Gavan Power was laid up with an attack of the grippe at the time.

Loyola took the title from Bishop's in a sudden death game in Sherbrooke, 4-3. Going into the third period one goal down, the Loyola fighting spirit told the tale, and with the crowd yelling for another Bishop's goal to clinch the game, "Bill" Dolan worked his way in close on a pretty combination play with Frégeau, and scored on a hard low shot to the corner of the net; three minutes before the final whistle, Dolan again scored from a scramble. From then on Bishop's wilted and Dolan and Power, who scored the first two goals on individual rushes, proved to be the heroes of the evening.

The most colourful game of the season took place at our Stadium, before a large crowd, on February 20th, when Royal Military College in their brightly clad outfits met Loyola in the first game of a home-and-home series to decide the Championship of Eastern Canada. Loy-

ola, fresh from their victory over Bishop's, were confident of downing the Cadets, while the latter were out to avenge the defeat of their football team last fall

(Clipping from Gazette, February 21st.) "A 3-2 decision just about represents last night's play . . . Power and Haynes scored in the first period on shots from the blue line that took the R.M.C. netminder by surprise. Loyola richly deserved their third counter, Haynes' second goal of the evening, for the tricky centre man stickhandled his way through the entire R.M.C. team for a smart score. Haynes nearly scored a few minutes later, but lost control of the puck, and his shot was weak. Both R.M.C.'s goals came as the result of fine rushing on the part of Power, one of their relief men . . . and were the result of laxity on the part of the Loyola forwards, who seemed content with their lead, and let up on the close checking tactics that characterized their play in the first two periods.'

Loyola travelled to Kingston for the return game with a one-goal advantage, determined to increase it, or at least hold it—and hold it they did. For 60 minutes they held the Cadets and even scored a goal themselves, but referee Batstone called it back. Every man on the team gave his best, and paid strict attention to his man, thus spoiling most of the Cadets' attempts at combination. H. McCarrey was unbeatable, and Haynes who donned his uniform visibly ill, poke-checked to perfection. McAlear suffered a broken bone in his hand near the end of the game, in a tussle with Darling for a loose puck near the boards, and Savard returned with a very painful double charleyhorse.

Then followed a two-weeks' layoff, waiting for the westerners to produce a champion, and when Varsity laid claim to the title, they found the Loyola team completely lacking the dash and team-play that had characterized their

mid-season games. McAlear and Savard had fully recovered from their injuries, and the Mount Royal Arena welcomed a crowd of over three thousand for the sudden-death game for the Intermediate Championship of Canada. The game lacked aggressiveness and only two or three of the Loyola team played up to form. But even at that they had 75% of the play, and only the phenomenal goal-tending of Little in the Varsity nets prevented Loyola from piling up a huge score. Varsity scored first on a scorching shot from Crosby, but near the end of the first period Haynes stickhandled his way in close and completely fooled Little with a bullet drive. Crosby scored a fluke goal just before the period ended, the puck not even leaving the ice. Power had hard luck on two occasions in the second period when in close. Varsity, content with their lead, shot the puck up the ice and over the boards, refusing to carry the play. Loyola played desperately in the last period, but were completely outlucked. Dolan and Frégeau many times seemed on the verge of scoring, but Little again proved that he was a goalkeeper of no mean ability. Varsity took advantage of the whole Loyola team being up the ice to break away on two occasions and, with only McCarrey to beat, added two more goals to their total, and the game ended 4-1.

The hockey suffered the same fate as the football team in fighting for Dominion honours, but earned the distinction of being one of Montreal's two amateur teams to enter titular finals, this marking a step in the return to the supremacy Loyola once enjoyed in this branch of sport in senior circles. Congratulations.

HERBERT LOUCKS, '28, Manager.

JUNIOR HOCKEY (Q.A.H.A.)

HIS year, Junior Hockey, although it did not produce a championship team, accomplished what can be regarded as equally creditable, namely, the development of really promising material for the future. When the team played its first game before the Christmas vacations, everyone felt rather optimistic about the outcome of the remaining games, for those in charge had gathered together a formidable line-up. Unfortunately, however, after the recess, illness took its toll and several members were promoted to the Intermediates. Without wishing to offer any extenuations and simply desiring to speak the truth, one can say that, for the greater part of the season, the Juniors played under insuperable obstacles.

St. Gabriel's o-Loyola o

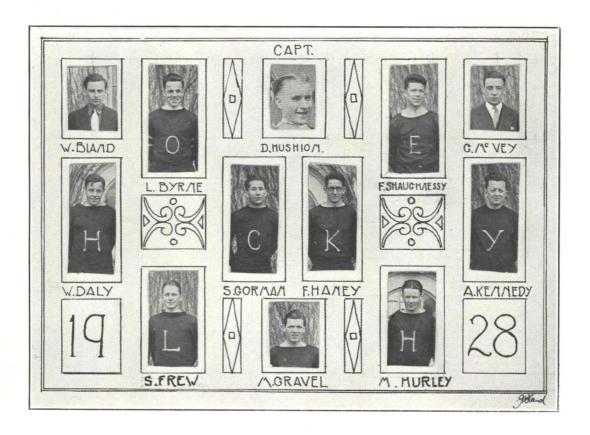
In the first game of the season the spectators were kept in a state of suspense from the start to the finish. Loyola's forward line, composed of Power, Haynes and Don. Hushion, worked tirelessly, but met an actually impenetrable barrier in St. Gabriel's custodian; in fact Loyola's artillery was bombarding him from all possible angles, but to no avail. In the last period, Mullally covered himself with glory by his sparkling rushes and his very efficient checking. As the game ended, both teams were trying desperately to break the deadlock.

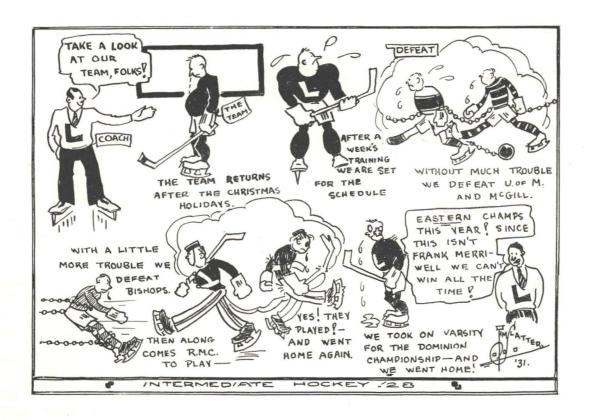
ALBIONS 2-LOYOLA I

Loyola encountered a combination of weight and speed in their second league fixture. Combination play featured the first period and Loyola's sallies down the ice were rewarded by a neat goal scored by Don. Hushion on a beautiful pass from Gorman. However, play remained in Loyola territory for the last two periods, Albions eventually scoring twice. The brilliant work of Byrne in goals was an æsthetic pleasure to watch.

M.A.A.A. 2—LOYOLA 4

A week's training and the return of Bill Hushion no doubt played a great





part in Loyola's first victory of the season. Defeating M.A.A.A. at this stage of the race for league honours was no easy task. The first period was very even in spite of the fact that our opponents managed to score a goal while McCarrey was serving a penalty. In the second period, by an exhibition of clever and unselfish hockey, Loyola completely outclassed the Peel Street players; with Power as the planner and Timmins as the executioner, four goals were scored, three by Timmins and one by Power. M.A.A. regained something of their reputation by scoring a goal in the dying moments of the game.

U. of M. I—LOYOLA I

History repeated itself in this tilt, for the game was filled with brilliant end-to-end rushes on the part of both teams. Loyola introduced a new goaler in the person of Daniels, Byrne having been placed on defence to fill McCarrey's position. The St. Denis Street players were the first to score, when Rolland placed the puck past Daniels on a brilliant effort; their lead was promptly nullified as Gorman tied the score with a well-placed shot in the upper corner of the cage. Sullivan and Frew, two newcomers, played clever hockey and showed that they justly merited the confidence that had been placed in them.

VICTORIAS 3-LOYOLA 2

Over-confidence was responsible for Loyola's defeat at the hands of Vics. After having obtained a two-goal lead in the first period, through clever work by Sullivan and Power, Loyola took things rather easily and the result was a timely spurt by Vics in the last five minutes of play that netted them three goals, Duguid, their star player, scoring all three. However, one should not overlook the fact that Vics eventually won the Q.A.H.A. cup and represented Quebec in the elimination series at

Ottawa. Daniels in goal proved a veritable "Worters," and it is due to him that the score was not overwhelming.

M.A.A.A. 4-LOYOLA I

From the first whistle it was evident that M.A.A. A. were out to avenge their previous defeat. Playing inspired hockey, they scored three goals in the first two periods; being more experienced players than Loyola's representatives, they were able to keep their lead secure until the last minute, when Frew, who had displayed remarkable improvement in the last few games, scored a goal that averted a whitewash. Byrne, Sullivan and Gorman showed up very well.

VICTORIAS 5-LOYOLA I

This game, although it had no bearing on the championship, nevertheless provided very lively entertainment for the numerous spectators. Vics had already cinched the championship, but they were determined to prove that they deserved it. Loyola assumed the lead in the first period on a combination play which resulted in a tally by Byrne from Timmins. From then on Vics took command of the play and, displaying remarkable team work, left no doubt about the issue. To mention a star on either side would be a hard task, but Daniels and Mullally seemed to have more polish and better judgment.

As a final word, it would only be appropriate to mention that the influence and co-operation of Mr. Paul Noble and Mr. George Pigeon had a very telling effect on the manner in which the team stood up under the adverse circumstances that had to be coped with. It is the unanimous conviction of all that the players responded whole-heartedly to the valuable advice and tactful direction of their coach and manager.

EUGENE T. SAVARD, '29.

Basketball



CONSIDERING the success with which Basket-ball has met during the past few years and especially throughout the recent season, we may well assert that within a few years this game will rank among Loyola's major sports. The untiring

efforts of our esteemed coach, Mr. F. J. Kelliher, a former captain of the famed Holy Cross squad, contributed greatly to the year's success. Indeed it was not long before the speed and strength of

our quintette was increased.

Kenneth Cogan, Patrick Nolan and Paul Haynes ably filled the places left vacant by Harold Lemesurier, John O'Brien and Bert Costello. Many of the games were played at the Catholic High School gymnasium, and, though the fast High School team defeated us at the beginning of the season, our last game, which we won 32-25, showed the results of our good coaching. The last and most exciting game of the season was played against St. Laurent College. This team, accredited with many games during the year, was defeated on its own grounds, the score being 10-7. The Loyola squad, with fast team work and a spirit characteristic of its name, had no trouble in holding the flying Frenchmen in the last minutes of the game.

Several other interesting games were played with teams from Harvard Club, Columbus Club, Outremont Circle, Mc-

Gill, etc.

The members of the team were: James Walsh, Patrick Nolan, Kenneth Cogan, Reginald Lefebvre, Edward Britton, Paul Haynes, Michael Healy, Gerald Sullivan, Frank O'Reilly, John Whitelaw and Basil Finn.

It is hoped that this year's success will stir up more interest in this fast indoor game.

Basil Finn.

HIGH SCHOOL

A High School Basketball team was formed after the boys' return from the Christmas holidays. Mr. Kelliher coached the team. Thanks to his untiring efforts, Loyola High School produced a team worthy of bearing her name.

The best game of the season was played against Outremont Circle Intermediates who, besides outweighing our boys, could claim more experience. Our quintette played very well indeed, when we consider that our opponents were a bare two points ahead at the close of the game, the score being 21-19. Other games were played, and the season ended with four wins and two losses.

The team was composed of George Darche, James Cummins (captain), Harold Hurley, Jack Belair, Edward Sheridan, Howard Sager. Much credit is due to Mr. Kelliher for his continued efforts on behalf of the team, and to the efficient trainer, James Murphy.

G. B. MURPHY.





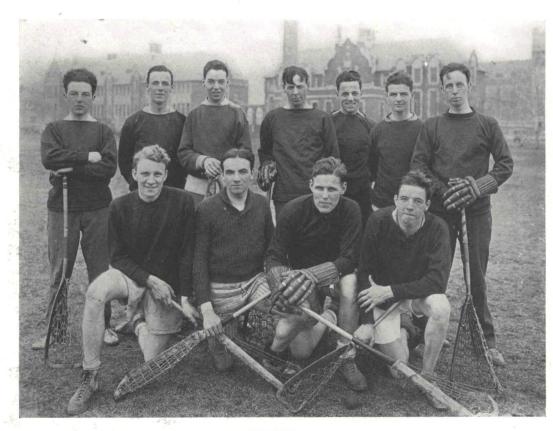
COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAM



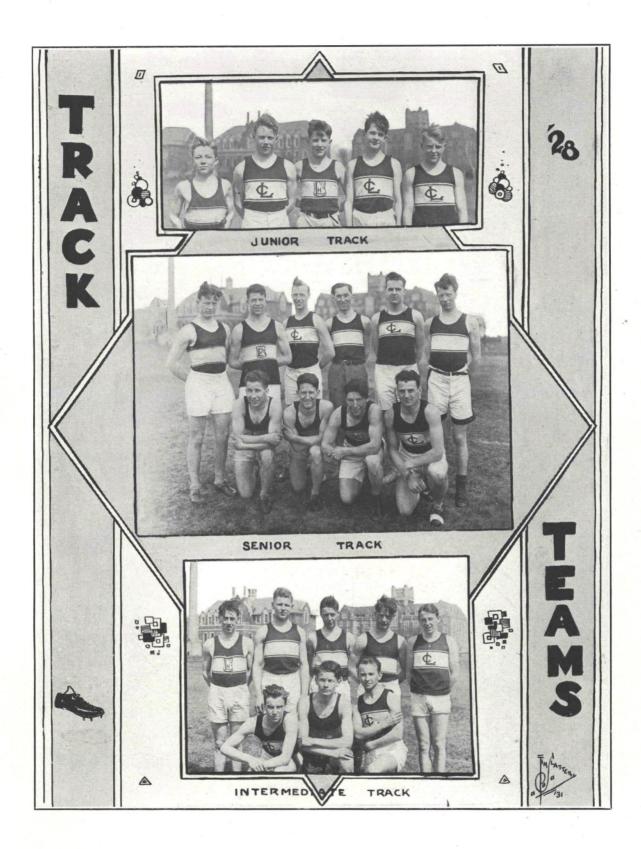
HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM



BASEBALL



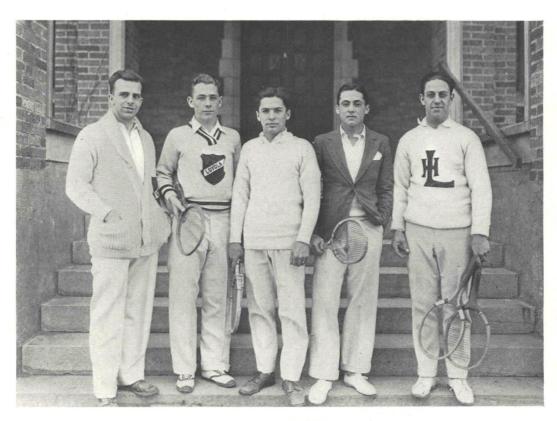
LACROSSE—1928







COLLEGE TENNIS



HIGH SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

Tennis



T an executive meeting of the L.C.A.A., Messrs. Leonard Wolfe, Edwin Lanthier and Robert Ryan were appointed as the tennis Committee for 1928. The Committee have already dis-

cussed their plans for the improvement of the courts, as well as for the tournaments.

It has been in former years the objective of the Committee to encourage the younger boys to become keen supporters of this universal sport, and this tradition will be observed again this year.

Last year was very successful; the entries for tournaments outnumbered those of the previous year; however, because of the construction on the Administration building, the courts were damaged and complete plans for the tournaments were not carried out. Only

the singles, both in senior and junior, were played. The senior singles proved very exciting as the opponents were nearly always evenly matched. Wolfe and Lanthier played in the finals and both displayed superior style of tennis. Lanthier won the championship.

The Juniors also did well and received numerous entries. The laurels fell to George Darche, who defeated Herbert Clough.

Rodolphe Timmins, president of the L.C.A.A., attended a meeting of the Intercollegiate Tennis Association, at which Loyola was invited to enter a team in the Intercollegiate circle next fall.

For the first time in the history of the High School, a tennis team has been officially organized and we look forward with great anticipation to a successful season. To date matches have been secured with several of the leading Schools in the city, and encounters with others are being arranged.

ROBERT RYAN, '30.

Lacrosse

N April 15th, at an executive meeting of the L.C.A.A., a Lacrosse committee consisting of Arthur Donohue, Gavan Power and 'Gene Savard was chosen to help the team preserve the reputation it has acquired in the few years of its existence.

Because of the unfavourable weather, we were later this year in getting out on the field; however, with such fast and tricky men as Roland Gagné, William Dolan and

Harold McCarrey, as well as our solid defencemen, Quain McCarrey and Gavan Power, and the veteran goaler, 'Gene Savard, in the nets, the team should have a very successful season.

Edwin Murphy, last year's competent manager, was again elected to that office; he has drawn up a very interesting schedule which includes games with Loyola Grads., Westward, M.A.-A.A., University of Montreal, St. Mary's, and, if possible, University of Syracuse.

ARTHUR DONOHUE.

Twenty-First Annual Field Day Results, 1927

EVENT	First	Second	THIRD	Time, Height, Distance	Record					
OPEN TO COLLEGE										
100 yds. dash.	E. Cannon	G. McVey	L. Boyle	10-1/5 sec	Record 1/5 sec	(P. Murphy, J. Gallery, E. Cannon, 1929 1926-1927.	1915			
220 yds. dash.	E. Cannon	G. McVey	L. Boyle	25-4/5 sec	Record 23 sec	J. Gallery,	1915			
hurdles	H. LeMesurier	Q. Shaughnessy.	E. Cannon	15 sec	Record 14-2/5 sec	W. Montabone,	1924			
880 yards	H. LeMesurier	F. Goodleaf	G. Sampson	2-16 sec	2-12-2/5 sec	W. Montabone,	1923			
440 yards	G. McVey	Missery	M. McAlear	60 sec	53-4/5 sec	J. Gallery,	1913			
High Jump	H. LeMesurier	H. Costello	Q. Shaughnessy.	5 ft. 7 in	5 ft., 7 in	(J. McGarry, H. LeMesurier, 1	1920			
Broad Jump	Q. Shaughnessy.	L. Boyle	D. Heffernan	19 ft., 1-3/4 in	20 ft., 11 in	J. Gallery,	1915			
Pole Vault	R. Matthieu	L. Boyle	M. Hawkins	9 ft., 1/2 in	New record	R. Matthieu,	1927			
Shot Put	G. Savard	E. Cannon	N. Smith	42 ft., 4 in	New record.					
Discus Throw	H. Costello	E. Savard	M. McAlear	96 ft., 2 in	New record	H. Costello,	1927			
One Mile	F. Goodleaf	H. LeMesurier	F. Finnegan	5 min. 18 sec	5 min., 5 sec	(F. Shallow, W. Montabone,	1900			
UNDER 18 YEARS										
100 yards	M. McAlear	Q. Shaughnessy.	L. Vachon	10-1/3 sec	New record		1927			
220 yards	M. McAlear	L. Vachon		23-1/5 sec	New record		1927			
880 yards	G. Sampson	F. Finnegan	D. Hefferman	2 min., 14 sec	New record	G. Sampson,	1927			
	UNDER 16 YEARS									
100 yards	P. Quinn	P. Baskerville	J. McIlhone	11-3/4 sec	Record 11 sec	B. Brown, A. Wendling,	1915			
220 yards	P. Quinn	P. Baskerville	P. Smith		Record 24-4/5 sec	E. Cannon,	1922			
High Jump	F. Shaughnessy.	H. Clough		4 ft. 11 in	5 ft., 1 in	G. Tynan	1923			
100 yards		H. Clough P. Quinn	F. Shaughnessy.		18 ft., 6-1/2 in	A. Wendling,	1927			
1			Ed. George	7 ft., 10 in	New record	G. Ryan,	1927			

N.B.—All records since 1916 have been made on a grass track.



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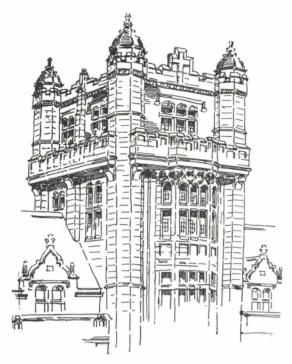
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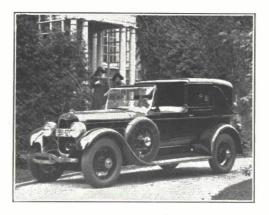
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